



*A Study in Contentment
Painted by Harrison Fisher*

**AMERICAN SUNDAY
MONTHLY MAGAZINE**
November 7, 1915

DORRIS AMERICAN

Section



Oats Give Wings To Every Task

Let This Month Prove It

As an energy food—as a vim-producer—oats have an age-old fame. To “feel one’s oats” means the summit of vivacity.

Each dish is a battery of power. And each a mine of brain and nerve constituents.

The cost of oats, per energy unit, is not one-tenth so much as meat.

They are not for children only. All ages need their spirit-giving power.

If you’ll try a big dish once a day this month you’ll gain respect for oat food which you can’t forget. And you’ll gain new liking for it if the brand is Quaker Oats.

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There are all sorts of oats in a bushel. Some are starved and puny. Some are rich and plump.

The wondrous flavor of the oat belongs mainly to the big grains.

So we pick those queen grains only. And a bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

That’s why Quaker Oats are

famed for flavor and aroma. In every land of oat lovers this is the favorite brand.

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We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package. This present cooker offer applies to the United States only.

In some far-away parts it costs twice what you pay, yet connoisseurs must have it.

You can get these same flakes for 10c per package. Your grocer will supply them if you ask for Quaker Oats. Remember that.

Don’t simply ask for oats.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

(1057)

When The Fires Of Life Burn Low

When the red corpuscles grow fewer with the advancing years the depleted life-stream requires re-vitalizing.

Something is needed—something that will prepare the digestive organs to properly receive and assimilate the more solid regular fare. It must be something that will permit of the conversion of that food into energy, and life, and force to the fullest degree. It must be something that possesses no “reaction”—no, so-called “back-lash”—it must operate along the line of “building-up” rather than stimulation.

Malt and Hops Possess the Needed Properties

And these characteristics are found in admirable combination in choice hops and rich barley malt, when properly blended. The first creates a healthy desire for nutriment while it tones and soothes the nerves, and this desire created by it is well supplied by the barley malt, which makes possible the complete assimilation of

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Pabst Extract Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Christmas is just around the corner

Dear old dad! You sometimes wonder what makes him so quiet or why he is so touchy. Every now and then he is so jolly you wish he would be like that oftener. Do you ever stop to think of the burden dad carries, business affairs, family responsibilities—bills, bills, bills? Yet when things do let up on him a little he just gets tender and boyish again.

Christmas is just around the corner. This year make it up to dad for some of the good times he's given you.

What kind of a watch has your dad? Unless he is well timed there is nothing under the sun that will please him more than a handsome, dependable, accurate watch.

Buy him an Elgin—a Lord Elgin, the aristocrat of the watch world. You can't buy anything finer in beauty or durability. It will cost you \$100 to \$115. A lot of money? That is why we are talking Christmas gifts now. Take time by the forelock; club your contributions together and give dad something worthy of him and worthy of you. There is no watch accuracy greater or more famous than Elgin accuracy, whether it is the elegant Lord Elgin or the more modest Wheeler movement.

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THE "CUSSEDNESS" OF PAINT

By Edward Mott Woolley

A CERTAIN woman had one of the rooms in her house decorated in blue, and the woodwork painted to match. She was very choice of her Blue Room, and usually kept the shades tightly drawn. Then one week she sent her housemaid up there.

"Clean it thoroughly, Jane!" said she.

And Jane did. Presently the Blue Room was a green room, so far as the woodwork was concerned; whereat the lady was wroth and sent for the painter. He didn't happen to be a master painter, and he was puzzled.

"I'll put it up to the manufacturers," he said.

Now the manufacturers of this paint were quite modern, and for years had been conducting an experimental department along two lines. First, they had experimented to evolve paints that would stand all reasonable use and abuse. Second, they had experimented destructively; they had gone at it deliberately to find out what would damage or ruin paint.

So when the chief experimenter got that complaint about the Blue Room turning green, he said right away:

"Ammonia, in all probability! That woman is altogether too careful of her Blue Room. She keeps it dark and badly ventilated, and she uses ammonia excessively in the water she cleans with."

The lady and Jane both admitted the facts; whereupon the painter obligingly restored the blue of the Blue Room. Thereafter the shades were left up and the windows were often opened. The Blue Room remained blue.

This is a typical story of the experimental work of men who make high-class paints and paint materials. This industry has developed in a wonderful way, in the last decade especially. The art of preserving things by covering them with paint has been extended into all sorts of ramifications, so that today there is a paint for everything.

And, as you have seen, the experimental departments are really service bureaus. They get all sorts of problems.

Out in the wilds of the Dakotas the cattlemen had been using some unsatisfactory material for branding. If a rain storm happened to come up soon after the brands had been put on, the color washed out and left merely a blur.

"We want to paint our cattle so they'll stay painted," they told a paint manufacturer back East.

Thereupon began some novel experiments on cows and cowhides, and a purple paint was developed that dried very fast and wore as long as cow life ordinarily runs.

Then the sheep men out in Wyoming came along with new troubles. The branding colors, applied just after the shearing, lasted for a time; but, as the wool grew, the brand faded out of it. Like the cattle men, they wanted paint that would stick. So the paint factory made them some.

It was "fast," true enough. It remained there so faithfully that when the wool reached the textile mill it was still there, and couldn't be induced, by any pretext or chemical, to detach itself from the fleece.

Then the textile people threw out the wool marked with this paint.

Again the experiment department got busy with sheep and wool. Several hundred experiments were made with different formulas, and finally a paint was developed that would stay on the sheep but would come out of the wool readily under the ordinary treatment at the mill.

Down in Texas there is a certain country club building, made largely of concrete and stone. Just before the date set for the opening this new building was treated with a nice heavy coat of some material that the local "experts" thought ought to be used. Even the steps and stone floors were so treated. The result was a sticky mess that would not dry, and the opening had to be postponed.

The real experts, at a large paint factory, were appealed to. The experimental department made some investigations of the material in question, and then they wrote something like this:

"Give it plenty of soda water and it'll come out."

The country club people thereupon sprayed soda water all over the sticky parts of the building, and kept pouring it on until it stopped foaming. Then they gave it a bath, let it dry, and treated it with the right material. Next, they gave their opening dance.

A large agricultural implement factory wanted to use a certain kind of wood—yellow pine, I believe—in the framework of some of its products. But this wood refused to take the paint properly. There were certain technical problems involved that are not necessary here to go into. But technical problems are "pie" to the experimental department of a paint factory. The chemists went to work and made it possible for this wood to be used and properly painted.

Another concern, making hoes and such things, desired to use a kind of ash that had dark streaks in it. Tests showed that this wood was just as good as the better-looking wood, but the streaks affected the sale of the goods. And there wasn't any paint that just met the severe requirements of a hoe handle.

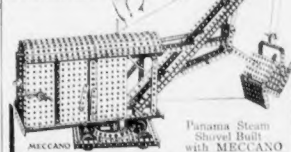
"What can you do for us?" these people asked a paint factory.

The problem was passed along to the experimental department. Now this particular factory is a big one, and has many rooms in its experimental division. In one room they work on railroad paints; in another room on marine paints; in another on insulating paints; and so on. But there is still another room, or at least part of a room, devoted to enamels. There is one man in that room who for years has done nothing but putter around with enamels. You may see him there any day enameling strips of tin or wood, or mixing concoctions, cooking them, and testing them with various sorts of apparatus. Well, to be brief, he got up a hoe-handle enamel that wears like iron—and the farmers, who were accustomed to unpainted handles—are very much pleased. Not that they care so much for looks, but they like the working qualities of enameled handles.

In the Northwest there is a group of

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mines that had all sorts of troubles with preservative paints underground, and except for these experimental people in the paint factories they would be having the same troubles now. But the paint men became miners for the time being, and discovered some secrets of nature which they merged into their paints. In a smelter other paint troubles developed. The fumes of the acids made painting of the iron beams and machinery very difficult. This, too, was another problem for the experimenters. For a while a room of the experimental department became a smelter, and the fumes that emerged from it were the real thing.

Some years ago the barnacles that live in the ocean used to travel on the bottoms of all the big ocean liners. They would get hold with their peduncles, and the swiftest flight of the vessels could not shake them off. In fact, they grew fat and multiplied, and maybe laughed at the efforts of the liners to make time.

Then the experimental paint men got busy on barnacles. They made up various formulas, and painted many metal and wooden panels. Some of these they took to New York harbor and suspended in the water, some they took to the Indian River in Florida; some went to the Pacific, and some to various polluted streams, as well as pure waters, elsewhere. The idea was to invent an under-water paint that not only would preserve the hull of the vessel but knock out those venturesome barnacles. In the main they have been successful.

Up on the roofs of one great paint manufacturing plant you might see, if you went there, hundreds of racks that belong to the experimental department. On these racks are fastened painted panels of wood, iron, cement, steel and other materials, exposed to sun, wind and rain. Each panel represents an experiment—a different formula for a different purpose. Some of the panels go to the bad rapidly, and the experimenters find out why. Some make good—and every such instance is an achievement.

Those experiments connect up directly with painting jobs all over the country. For instance, in a Western town a man painted his new house, and soon afterward that house broke out with an eruption that looked like the smallpox. In painters' parlance this trouble is called "spotting." Of course the owner of the house laid it to the paint; but the experimental department got a sample of the painted wood, and diagnosed the disease. The wood had been carelessly filled in applying the primary coat, and each one of those spots stood out as a protest against a neglectful flourish of the painter's brush.

There was another case of "spotting." The spots were farther apart, but more hideous, and the owner of the house was mad through and through. But with chemical and microscopical analysis the men in the experimental department, back in the paint factory, found that lime had been thrown on the building before it was painted. Perhaps some playful boys had thrown chunks of mortar.

In another case a newly painted house refused to dry. Instead, it proceeded to coat itself with butterflies, bumblebees, hay, straw and pulverized earth. Everything that came along in the wind stuck tight, and it looked like a kaleidoscope. It didn't take long to unravel the mystery here. The owner of the house, after painting it, had decided to protect the paint and make it last a good long time. He coated it over with oil, and a poor oil at that.

Down South there was a house that was covered with mildew—in fact, this is an ailment of houses that isn't uncommon in the South. The owner was in despair over painting it. But up in the experimental department of that paint factory they grew some mildew, and then proceeded to treat it as shabbily as they knew how. They found that a very small quantity of mercury compound, mixed in the paint, would knock that mildew sky high.

In another locality some houses turned black, when they had been painted pure white. The men who owned those houses said the white lead was rotten. But that was a mere guess. The experimenters in a white lead plant nailed the real cause, which was sulphuretted hydrogen from an open sewer. This started a whole municipal campaign for sanitary conditions.

In a New England town a newly painted hotel soon resembled a tanned alligator's hide. It was cracked and seemed like the oldest beast on the alligator farm down at St. Augustine. A lot of people guessed what ailed it, but those experimental ex-

periments, with their instruments and chemicals, found out for sure. Too much drying oil had been used in the foundation coats.

Thus it goes. The problems that come to the paint and paint material men are of endless variety, and the vast number of experiments are continually resulting in better paints and paints of greater variety. The consuming public is being educated, too, in paints and the things that make up paints. A notable thing in this industry is the steady trend toward high quality. The high-class manufacturers of mixed paints, white lead, zinc, and other products, have set their standards pretty close to perfection, and the endless experimenting is evidence to that effect.

And yet the paint world is not all holy and high minded! Not yet! You can buy a lemon if you want it. Some "linseed oil" recently bought at a bargain sale was found, on analysis, to contain forty per cent. of coal oil. And a newly painted house that blistered and chalked was found to be coated chiefly with whitening and fish oil.

However, the other side of the proposition is more inspiring. I visited one paint factory where within the last few years the experimental department has undertaken research into such subjects as fire-proofing, mirror-backing, lime-proofing, rubber coatings, dancing floors, signs, brushes, deck paints, radiator paints, pole paints, speed boat painting, pipe and joint compounds, cold-water paint, cork paints, packing-house paints, refrigerator interior coatings, and creameries.

And in each instance constructive work had been done.

The Useful Bat

WE hear a great deal from time to time about the value of birds as destroyers of insects, but until recently it seems not to have occurred to any one that the familiar bat should be given recognition in the same connection. Yet of course everyone is aware that the bat lives on insects; and it requires but a moment's thought to convince one that the insects in question are probably not of a character to be useful to man. In point of fact, it has been found that in certain regions the bat feeds very largely on mosquitoes.

As it is now well known that the mosquito is the exclusive carrier of malaria, and that it probably on occasion transmits the germs of other diseases as well, it is obvious that any creature that is an enemy to the mosquito is a friend of man.

The first person, seemingly, to make practical application of this line of reasoning is Dr. C. A. Campbell, of San Antonio, Texas. He began by demonstrating that a single bat may consume as many as 260 mosquitoes in one night. He ended by having an official bat roost constructed at San Antonio, capable of housing 250,000 of these animals.

The cost of constructing such a bat roost as that erected at San Antonio is comparatively slight, and it appears that a city may soon be repaid not merely in public health but in tangible money, inasmuch as the bats produce guano of high fertilizing value at such a rate that a single roost, housing 250,000 of the animals, is expected to produce twelve tons, valued at \$480, in a season of nine months.

The idea of having the pestiferous mosquito consumed by friendly bats and its remains returned into valuable guano is certainly attractive. Of course a scheme that planned to eliminate the mosquito altogether by abolishing its breeding-places would be even more attractive, but it is not always practicable. In all regions where there are parks or marshes that cannot be drained, or economically treated with kerosene to destroy the larval mosquito, let us, by all means, have official and carefully guarded bat roosts.

Get This Month's Cover Picture

"A Study in Contentment," painted by Harrison Ford and reprinted without lettering on 16 x 12-inch pebbled paper all ready for framing. In the world of art Mr. Fisher is as well known for his animal studies as he is for his types of beautiful womanhood, and in this picture you have him at his best in a combination of his favorite subjects that a single bat may consume as many as 260 mosquitoes in one night. He ended by having an official bat roost constructed at San Antonio, capable of housing 250,000 of these animals.

We will have on hand copies of the four pictures previously published in this series—"A Love Scene," "The Only Picture in the Picture," and the much admired portrait of the celebrated beauty, Miss Kay Laurence—price 25c each. On foreign orders remit 10c additional to cover the cost of registration.

The complete illustrated list of other 25c and 10c pictures by the same artist will be sent on request.

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A MAN OF HONOR

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Illustrated by GEORGE BREHM

THE recollection of the look in her eyes had haunted him all day, whenever he paused in the routine of office-work long enough to think of anything but the task before him. The expression in his mother's eyes, too, came back to him and gave him a sudden stab of discomfort. It hurt him to have anything cause her pained surprise. But perhaps he had only imagined that she was slightly startled and wounded. For a moment later she was smiling and speaking affectionately to his wife.

Hilda had not returned the smile readily. Several minutes had elapsed before she responded, and then it had been in a voice she strove to make polite.

This was not the first time that there had been slightly strained conditions between his mother and his wife. Once he had been sure of their mutual affection and understanding, but after their first year under the same roof frictions had been more frequent. He had been sorry when the two women did not agree on various points, yet it had never made him uneasy until lately. He had always reminded himself that no two people could live together and agree perfectly. Even he and his mother had once in a while,—a very great while,—had moments of slight vexation with each other. He and Hilda often disagreed on matters of no importance. Surely such disagreements showed no lack of love. Then why need he think that the look in Hilda's eyes this morning meant anything but a passing annoyance with his mother? He had flattered himself that these two women whom he loved would always love each other. In spite of the fact that some of his friends had lifted skeptical brows when they learned that Sidney Henderson's mother was to live with his bride and himself, he had had in his heart the calm assurance that there would be no clashes in the small household.

Hilda herself had suggested the arrangement. As soon as she was engaged to Sidney she had told him that she knew he was the only support of his widowed mother whose life was bound up in him. She must live with them in their little apartment when they had one. Hilda's parents lived in Providence, and she had been away from home and at work for so long that she yearned for an elderly woman near at hand from whom she could seek counsel.

"And Mrs. Henderson is so sweet and gentle," she said to her betrothed. "I love her already. I am sure we can make her happy."

Sidney kissed the girl fondly. "Surely you can make her happy," he replied. "She will love you as if you were her daughter. And you will find her a comfort in our home. Anybody could get on with her. She is the easiest person in the world to live with."

He had meant it then and he still believed it. Had not he and his mother lived together since his father's death, when Sidney was a mere child? Had she not worked and saved to educate him? He often thought of how she had sacrificed everything to that one aim. When he would protest that she took no rest or recreation, she would smile with that loving smile that seemed almost divine to him, and say—"Why, I, lad dear,—what have I except you? Why should I need rest or recreation as long as you are with me? You are all I have or want in this life."

It was characteristic of her that she was glad when he was going to marry the girl he loved. Once, tentatively, she had asked if he would not prefer beginning house-keeping alone with his wife.

"You see," she said, her tone slightly tremulous, yet her lips wearing the brave smile he knew so well, "I could be very comfortable in one of the Old Ladies' Homes in or near New York."

He had checked further speech from her by clapping her in his arms and kissing her tenderly, emotion making his voice crack as it used to do when he was in his early teens.

"Mother! Mother!" he pleaded. "Don't talk like that,—or you will break my heart! Do you think that after all these years of self-denial on your part I would let you go away from me? And what kind of a girl do you suppose Hilda is that you can imagine she would tolerate such an idea? She knows you have made me what I am,—not good for much, to be sure, yet a decent, God-fearing man at least. She also knows that but for you I wouldn't have been worth picking up out of the street, that you have made me your constant thought and consideration, that every cent of the money father left went to my education and support, and that it is my joy to take care of you

as long as your precious life may be spared. Heaven send it may be for long!"

She had believed every word that he said. That was one of the beautiful things about her, the man told himself now. She always had trusted him implicitly. When he said that he and Hilda wanted her in their home, she believed it. When he told her that it would break his heart to have her go to an Old Ladies' Home, she believed that too. She was very single-minded and simple-hearted, this dear, gray-haired mother of his. That he did not have money enough to support her in a separate establishment of her own was not the reason which she gave herself for his insisting that she live with him. She was sure that he and Hilda wanted her. She was the kind of woman a man could love entirely, because she loved him completely and never questioned his motives.

For the first months of Sidney's and Hilda's marriage all had gone on velvet. Mrs. Henderson Senior did not proffer advice as to the way in which the house should be run, but was always ready and willing to lend a hand and to solve any problems which her daughter-in-law brought to her. Hilda's baby was born when she had been married a little more than a year. A few months before this advent a maid had been installed in the flat. Even then Mrs. Henderson had continued to make herself useful, and as Hilda was so far from well the elderly woman tried to spare the expectant mother by giving an occasional instruction to the servant. The young wife accepted as but natural under the circumstances, although once or twice she had remarked somewhat testily that her orders and those of her mother-in-law sometimes conflicted. Yet any vexation on her part was attributed by the mature matron to "the dear child's condition," and smilingly ignored.

The baby lived for only a fortnight, and Hilda's convalescence was slow. She was disappointed and depressed at the blasting of her hopes of motherhood. Sidney forced himself to be cheerful and bright while in her room. It was only when he was alone with his mother that he—as he phrased it—"let himself go," and talked of his own disappointment and of his anxieties. His wife's long illness, the necessity of expert medical attendance and a trained nurse for many weeks,—added to the bills incidental to the child's death,—had drawn heavily upon his small bank account and he was at times assailed by a panic of fear lest there might be further expenses. And over and above all was the terror that his wife might not recover or might be a helpless invalid. Only his mother's words could exorcise this dread, and he turned to her again and again as he had done as a boy.

"Dear son," she would soothe, "you are not accustomed to illness,—that is why it frightens you. And you have been through a long and tedious strain and are now feeling the reaction from it. But Hilda is getting well,—though slowly. Soon she will be up, and then we can let the nurse go and I will take care of the dear girl."

Her prophecy proved true, for before long Hilda, thin and pale, but on the highroad to recovery, was up and walking about her room. Then it was that Sidney had suggested that they let the nurse go. But the young wife protested earnestly.

"I am so weak still," she said. She had the fear, common to nervous women after a protracted illness, of being left without a skilled attendant. She had grown fond of her nurse; she felt that she could not dispense with her yet.

"Darling," her husband reminded her, "Mother is here and she will take good care of you."

"It would be an imposition upon her," Hilda demurred.

"Indeed it would not," the husband insisted. "She offered of her own accord to look after you, and suggested that the nurse be dismissed."

The wife flushed. "Oh," she said slowly, "then sending her away now was her idea—not yours?"

"She only suggested it," the man explained, "to avoid the expense of a trained nurse. As long as you were so ill she wanted me to keep Miss Brown. But now that you are up, Mother feels that we might better be saving the twenty-five dollars a week for something that may give you more pleasure later."

"She is very considerate of my comfort," Hilda said sarcastically. "I wish she would let me decide for myself what would give me most pleasure."

But all this had been when she was ill, the husband reflected as he strode home from the office this rainy evening. Later Hilda had seemed grateful for her mother-in-law's attentions and untiring care. Yet, somehow,



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This pale creature confronting him did not look like his wife. He started violently when she uttered the next sentence. "The time has come," she said, "for you to choose between your mother and myself. Either she goes away or I go."

since that illness matters had not been as smooth as they were at first,—and of late the man had suspected that his mother and wife were not as congenial as they used to be.

He shook his head impatiently. He wondered if he was getting morbid, if he was over-tired, as his mother had suggested. She always understood him. That was a way mothers had, he supposed. Yet what wife ever understood her husband better than his little wife did? Yes, he was getting supersensitive. That look that he fancied was almost animosity in Hilda's eyes this morning as his mother remarked that his coffee was too strong to be good for his nerves, was probably only the creation of his distorted imagination. She had not really resented the harmless speech. He ought not to have given the matter a second thought.

His heart felt lighter as he reached the apartment-house in which he lived, and he whistled under his breath as he went up the stairs. Hilda would be waiting for him, he knew,—Hilda, her cheeks delicately pink instead of pale as they were through all those long weeks,—her eyes bright, instead of dull and heavy. What a fool he had been to be depressed! When he contrasted present conditions with those of six weeks ago he appreciated how much he had to be thankful for. His wife was well again and he loved her better than ever,—better than all of life besides. Of course he loved his mother,—but with a different kind of love.

"Hallo, Sid!" Hilda called gaily as she heard his latch-key in the door. She met him in the hall, her face lit for his kiss.

"How sweet you look!" he commented as he followed her into the living-room. "That's a mighty nifty tea-gown—or whatever you call it."

"That's the right term," she laughed. "I'm glad you like it. I made it months ago,—before my illness," her

laugh dying. "But I never wore it. I meant to wear it during my convalescence, but I was too miserable to care about it. It's only a cheap little thing,—a chalis, you know. Your mother thinks it's too light in color and will soil easily."

"It's lovely," her husband insisted. "I like that shade of pink. It's very becoming to you,—with your dark hair and eyes."

He kissed her again, and, dropping into a great chair, drew her down upon his lap.

"Dearest," he said, "I don't believe you know what it means to me to have you well. This evening as I came home I realized as never before that you are actually well. It was a long siege, my love, and it brought sorrow with it. But now that is swallowed up in the joy of having my own little wife herself once more."

"Good evening, son!"

The soft voice made him start,—or perhaps it was the shadow of annoyance on Hilda's face that made him start. She rose to her feet and he stood up to greet his mother affectionately.

"And how is my dear Mother?" he queried, putting his arm about the elderly woman and kissing her. "I have just been telling Hilda how good it is to have her well, and with me, and you come in as the last drop of happiness to fill my cup full to overflowing. I've had the blues to-day, but you two dear women have chased them away. Where are you going, Hilda?"

For his wife had gone towards the door.

"Just into the kitchen to remind Annie to thicken the gravy."

She spoke lightly, but her husband noticed that her voice had lost some of its happy ring.

"Don't go, dear," Mrs. Henderson said hurriedly. "I can go just as well. You know," with a smile, "an old housekeeper like me can tell her how to do it as well as you can."

"Thank you," said the wife. Yet she did not look particularly grateful.

"Yes, thank you, mother," the son said, "for making this stay here and talk with me."

He had resumed his seat and pulled his wife down upon his knee when his mother appeared again at the door of the living-room.

"Sidney, dear," she said anxiously, "did you change your shoes when you came in,—or did you wear rubbers this morning?"

"Neither," the son replied, teasingly.

"Oh, Hilda,"—the mother turned to the wife,—"*do* make him take off those damp shoes. He had neuralgia last week, you know. I wish I had thought to remind him to put on his overshoes this morning."

"Yes, Sid," Hilda said, "do as your mother says and change your shoes at once! Try also to excuse your careless wife for not telling you to wear your rubbers this morning. Your mother has taken such good care of you while I was confined to my room that I am afraid you will suffer now that you have me to look after you. But, fortunately for you, she is always on hand to remedy my defects."

As Sidney Henderson removed his damp shoes and put on his slippers,—which his mother had placed near the radiator to warm,—the words he had heard a cynical acquaintance utter years ago recurred to him.

"No house," the cynic had remarked, "will hold comfortably a man's mother and wife. They may both love,—in distraction, but they will hate each other to destruction. In dealing with two women and one man you cannot eliminate the element of jealousy."

Surely as sweet a woman as Hilda could not be jealous of a mother's love! And he knew that his mother felt only affection for his wife.

HE wondered during the weeks following if the conditions he constantly noticed now had always existed to a less degree while he had been ignorant of them. Again and again he would see the resentful flash in his wife's eyes when his mother paid him some little attention. And his mother would look at her daughter-in-law in gentle surprise. The dear soul did not seem to appreciate that she was the one who made Hilda impatient. She always attributed any vagaries in the wife's manner to her disappointment and depression because of the baby's death.

"We must be patient with her," she told Sidney once. "I have seen you glance at her when she speaks a little sharply or fretfully, but you must not blame her. She has gone through a great deal. She is not vexed with you, or indeed vexed with anyone in particular. It is only an evidence of overwrought nerves. I am sure I would have been more unhappy and irritable than she is if I had lost you when you were a tiny baby. Poor girl!"

She sighed sympathetically, and Sidney wished he could believe as she did. He would not shake her confidence by telling her that when he and his wife were alone Hilda was always sweet-tempered,—except at such times as his mother was under discussion.

Hilda herself at last threw some light on the subject so much in his mind. Coming into her room one afternoon on his return from the office, he saw that her eyes were reddened from crying.

"Why, dearest," he queried, "what's the matter?"

"She tried to smile, but tears interfered. 'I suppose I'm a silly goose,' she said. 'You know I have never let anyone but myself make the kind of crullers you like best. And last night when you mentioned that you had not had any of them this winter I determined to make some to-morrow. I did not plan to make them to-day, for I had some sewing I wanted to get out of the way. Yet about the middle of the morning I smelled frying fat, and going into the kitchen, I found your mother making a great batch of crullers for you. I simply could not speak for a moment,—I was so annoyed.'"

"Oh, my dear," the husband protested, "mother meant

no harm. Of course she should have asked your permission to cook with your materials,—yet she meant kindly—"

"That's the worst of it!" the wife interrupted. "She actually ordered all the materials herself and paid the grocer's boy for them when he brought them. She said that she wanted it to be a complete surprise to both of us,—a 'little gift' to you from her. I say it was delicious and kind!"

"I hope you did not tell her how you felt on the subject," Sidney said sternly.

The thought of his mother's planned surprise, her childish joy in the little scheme, filled his heart with tenderness for her. Why should Hilda mind?

"You did not show your vexation, I hope?" he asked again. The wife tossed her head angrily. "That's it!" she exclaimed. "Your one thought is for your mother,—for her feelings! It was bad enough before my illness,—but now it's worse. While I was laid up she did for you these things I had been in the habit of doing,—your mending, your cooking when necessary. She let you talk your troubles out to her as you used to talk them out to me. Now that I am about again I feel almost superfluous!"

"Hilda!" the husband ejaculated. "How can you say such a cruel thing?"

She burst into tears and clung to him, sobbing. "I didn't mean to be cruel!" she repeated. "But I do need your love, and I do love you so dearly!"

He gathered her in his arms and held her close. Was she not unhappy—she, his dear little wife? He remembered what his mother had said about her nerves being over-strained. Even if she was unreasonable he must be patient with her. She had gone through so much suffering, so much sorrow,—and he had had to stand by and let her bear it all alone.

"Darling," he murmured, "don't cry so! I was a brute to be cross. You are not well or you would not mind little things as you do."

"It is not a little thing, Sid," she checked her tears to say. "It is not a little thing to have your mother come between us."

"My mother came between us?" Sidney repeated. Then he laughed. "Why, my little girl,—that is the last thing in the world! The precious mother would want to do. She loves you, darling."

Hilda shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. "Not as much as she used to," she said. "For a while she seemed to understand that I came first, and that it was my right to do so. But for months now she has been gradually taking from me the little duties that were particularly my own,—like making the special dishes you like. Can't you see for yourself how it is?"

"Come and sit down," he said, "Hilda," Sidney suggested gently, "and let us talk this thing over quietly. Perhaps mother does *do* certain little things that it has been your pleasure to *do*—but can't you see that it is to help you that she does them? Now there was the matter of those crullers. She remembered that I was fond of

them. She heard you say you would make them to-morrow. She wanted to spare you the work and me the expense. You know, dear, that it meant sacrifice for mother to buy even the few materials needed for the crullers. She has no money except what she saves rigorously. But for that, Hilda, she might not have consented to live with us."

With all her jealousy, Hilda was not ungenerous enough to let this last remark pass without a protest.

"I wanted her to come—and you know I did. And she never asked to stay with us. It is not her fault that she is poor,—but, as she is in our home, she might remember that I am mistress here."

Sidney's temper suddenly deserted him. "And you might remember to do her motives justice!" he exclaimed.



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"I would rather not discuss this matter further, Hilda. But before we drop it I want you to tell me what you wish me to say to mother,—what course you wish her to pursue in this house to avoid wounding you."

The woman sprang to her feet and faced him wrathfully. "I forbid you," she said shrilly. "To repeat a word of this conversation to her. It is bad enough for me to know that you love her better than you do me without her having the satisfaction of knowing it too. If you ever suggest to her what I have said about her I will never forgive you! Never! Understand?"

"Yes, I understand," the man said wearily. "I assure you I am anxious to keep her in happy ignorance as you can see. Were she to suspect the truth she would go away."

"I doubt it!" Hilda muttered.

Sidney was not sure whether he heard this last remark correctly, but as he was afraid that he did, he preferred not to make certain of it.

Love is stronger than anger, and it is also much more comfortable to live with. So Sidney and Hilda Henderson tried to forget the wrangle in which they had both lost their tempers. Perhaps the wife was a little less cordial to her mother-in-law than she had been before; perhaps the husband treated his mother with greater tenderness than ever. As for the mother herself, she felt intuitively that all was not well with her "children," and tried by gentle attentions to them both to make life a little smoother for them,—thereby scattering a few more jagged stones on their pathway. Once she spoke out her anxiety to her son. It was one evening when Hilda, pleading that she was tired, went to her room soon after dinner.

"Son," the mother ventured when they were alone, "I am worried about Hilda. She is not happy, my boy. I hate to tell you this, but you, her husband, should find out what is wrong."

"Oh, it is nothing," the man assured her hastily. "She is, as you said a while ago, very nervous, and—forgive me for saying it,—rather irritable at times."

The mother hesitated before asking a question which seemed to her simple soul preposterous, yet which she felt she must ask if her mind would be at ease.

"Dear son," she said timidly, "do you suppose—I mean are you sure that she is not—not just a little tired of having me around so much,—I mean—do you suppose she would be happier if I went somewhere else?"

The book that her son had been reading fell to the floor with a slam as he left his chair and began to stride the room. His face was crimson and his mother was astonished at the emotion her question had caused.

"No!" he thundered. "A thousand times no! This is your home,—and Hilda wanted you here and still wants you! If you love me, mother, never suggest such a thing as that again! Put it out of your head! Do you hear?"

"Why, yes, darling, I hear," she told him, stopping his pacing to and fro by a detaining hand on his arm. "I did not mean to seem to doubt Hilda's love, or yours, dear boy. I am sorry if I hurt you. I might have known better than to suggest such a ridiculous thing. But I will never even think of it again,—for I have perfect trust in you, and in Hilda too. I must be getting silly and old to have said what I did."

She laid her gray head against his broad shoulder, and as he bent to kiss her he noticed how fragile she was. Yes, she was aging fast. There was no doubt about that.

"Precious little Mother!" he murmured, a lump coming into his throat. "You are not silly,—but are just the dearest mother any man ever had, and you know that well."

Hilda was not in bed when he went to their room that night, but was lying on the couch, reading. She looked up brightly as he entered.

"You've come just at the right time," she told him. "I have struck a really remarkable short story that I would like to read aloud to you if you will let me. It's early yet," she added.

He smiled. "I'd love to have you read it to me," he agreed. "I'll sit and smoke, and we'll have a beautiful time."

He watched her face as she read. He also listened to the exquisite inflections of her rich voice. How pretty she was, and what a lovely creature she was when they two were alone together! The thought struck him as almost disloyal to his mother. Then he told himself that it was not. Should not a man's wife come first in his heart? Even if Hilda were sometimes unreasonable and jealous, she was his dear wife, the woman whom he loved better than everything and everybody else in the world. Suppose she had been irritable and jealous lately,—how could she help that? She was not responsible for the foolish fancies that had come to her during her long convalescence. Now that she was well it was hard for her to shake them off.

Hilda, glancing at him as she finished the story, caught her breath in astonishment. "Why, Sid!" she exclaimed. "You look transfixed! What is it, dear? Do you think the story so wonderful?"

"I think you so wonderful," he told her. "And I think I love you more than ever."

His words rang so true that the wife laughed with sheer joy in the certainty of his love.

SUCH happy periods had only been reprieves, the man thought after the climax had come. It followed upon an accident to his mother. Slipping on a small rug laid on the polished hall floor, she fell and hurt her hip. For weeks she had to lie on her bed or couch. To move was exquisite agony.

It was while her mother-in-law was lame that the fire of Hilda's jealousy increased and burned with a steady glow. At first she, as well as Sidney, had been glad to spend hours at a time with the invalid. Yet when Mrs. Henderson was able once more to sit up in an easy chair in her room, and to read, sew, and knit, why should the husband and wife spend every evening at her side? To be sure, the mother loved to have them there, but the



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"Dearest," he said, "I don't believe you know what it means to me to have you well. It was a long siege, my love, and it brought sorrow with it. But now that is swallowed up in the joy of having my own little wife herself once more." "Good evening, son!" said his mother entering the room. The soft voice made him start,—or perhaps it was the shadow of annoyance on Hilda's face that made him start.

husband might consider that his wife would like to have an occasional evening alone with him.

"Your mother is much better, Sid," she remarked one night at dinner. "The doctor says she will be going out soon. She can get around quite comfortably on crutches, although she is afraid to venture on them outside of her own room. And now I think you and I may as well return to the habit of spending our evenings together in the living-room."

Her husband looked doubtful, yet he spoke guardedly. "I'm afraid that Mother would be lonely," he objected.

"She has her books," Hilda reminded him.

"But she can't read all the time."

The wife sighed with impatience. "You seem to forget," she said, "that I spend hours of each day with her, reading to her, sewing with her, talking to her."

"I don't forget that, Hilda dear," the husband assured her, "but you forget that she does not see me from the time I leave the house at eight-thirty in the morning until I return at six at night. And she is very happy when I am near her. I feel it my duty to make her happy, you know."

"Yes, I know." The remark was so calm that the man congratulated himself that all dangers were past and that Hilda did know, did understand. Later he mistook her silence on the subject of his devotion to his mother as an evidence that she still understood; he interpreted her willingness to sit alone in the living-room each evening, reading, as an acceptance of the fact that it was his duty to amuse his invalid mother. So little does a man know a woman,—even when she is his own wife,—that in all these signs he did not discern the hollowness that precedes a storm.

The storm did not break until Mrs. Henderson Senior was once more about the house and able to go out for a short walk each pleasant day. Then one night, when Sidney had escorted his mother to her room and had gone back there later to make certain that she was comfortable for the night, his wife informed him that she would like to speak to him in the living-room. He looked at her in wonder as she closed the door tightly before turning to him a colorless, stern face.

"Sidney," she said, "I have been thinking over a matter now for weeks and I have made up my mind."

He did not speak. For a moment he could not. This pale creature confronting him did not look like his wife. He started violently when she uttered the next sentence. "The time has come," she said, "for you to choose between your mother and myself. Either she goes away or I go!"

"Hilda!" the man exclaimed. "Are you insane?" "No," she replied with a calmness that made his outburst seem like ridiculous melodrama. "I am not insane, nor do I wish to argue this question. I have argued it all out with myself as long as I mean to. My determination is not a hasty one. I have been making

it for weeks. Now it is absolutely unalterable. I acknowledge that I suggested that your mother come here in the first place. It was a horrible mistake. I will live with you alone in a garret on a crust and water if necessary. I will not live with you and your mother under any circumstances. That is all I have to say. You can make your choice."

He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses, not even when he had pleaded with her until well on towards midnight.

"But where could Mother go?" he exclaimed once. "You know there is but one place for her outside of my home while I am as poor as I now am. That is an Old Ladies' Home."

"Other old people live there very comfortably," the wife rejoined. "You can go and see her often. You would, of course, she added with the only touch of bitterness that came into her tone during the discussion, and she suppressed it instantly. "I appreciate perfectly that that is the only place for her to go. And I wish you to understand that you are the one who will have to tell her about this. I shall not. She is your mother, not mine. Were it my mother, and had you borne what I have had to bear for the past two years, I would not shrink from telling the truth and taking the responsibility upon my own shoulders. If you are a man, you will be as brave as a woman would be under similar conditions. Remember, she believes you always."

"I love you still. You know that. Did I not love you I might be able to bear seeing your mother keep you from me, make of our home a place where you and she live and where I simply stay. Your decision will show her definitely which of us two women you love the better. For nobody ever loves any two persons equally well."

He had sunk into a chair and buried his face in his hands before she left him for the night. He sat thus for some time after she had gone to her room, closing the living-room door firmly behind her, leaving him shut in alone with his thoughts. His body was where she left it, but his spirit was in hell.

His mother! Of course he could not let her go! Even as the idea came to him he saw himself a callow youth full of foolish notions, crude and impulsive, and by him was his mother,—always gentle, always tactful, always self-sacrificing. He remembered that she used to tell him that when he was away at school she did not need to have anybody come in and help with the work,—that it was good for her to take exercise in the little home. Later, when he was a grown man, her physician told him how much pain she had suffered because of the sweeping, bed-making and cleaning which she had insisted upon doing.

"So as to save money for your education, you young scamp!" the doctor had said with a laugh. "Well, I guess you'll prove to her that you were worth it!"

Had he proved it? And now he was thinking of putting

her in an Old Ladies' Home,—her, the mother who had stood by him through every experience of his life.

No, he would never let her go! Even Hilda could not force him to do this.

Hilda! Though his blood boiled with anger at her, he remembered the words he had spoken two years ago, holding her hand in his: "For better, for worse,—until death do us part!" That was the vow he had made before God. He remembered how she had glanced up at him as he repeated the words. She had often looked at him in that way since then when she was loving him very much. He remembered that expression had been on her face several times during the night in which their child was born, when she had spoken more of his mental anguish than of her own physical agony. "Dear Sid!" she had whispered, "don't worry! It will be all right." He had not known that any human being could suffer like that and not die,—or go mad. It had been to bring his child into the world that she had gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. She had never complained. Even when they told her the baby was dead, her thought had been of her husband as she sobbed out her grief. "It was our little boy, Sid," she had mourned, "yours and mine. That was why I loved him, dear!"

And he had thought of letting her go away from him,—of letting her return like an unloved wife to her old home—to be talked about, speculated about, to be an object of pity among the people whom she had left when she was a happy bride! God! how could he ever have thought of it!

Yet—there was his mother. He could not break the awful truth to her! Of course if she knew the problem he was facing she would settle it by going away herself. He could fancy the brave dignity with which she would go, still with the tender smile on her lips—the smile that had hidden so many heartaches when she was a lonely widow with only herself between her child and destitution.

Then his mood changed. How petty, how ridiculous it all was! Such a complication could not exist! But as he remembered Hilda's words, her manner, he knew it was all true and that the outcome rested with him.

The burden seemed to be pressing him to the ground, stifling him. He sprang to his feet, and, going to the window, flung it open. The cool night air rushed in and he breathed it in deeply. Then he dropped on his knees by the window and looked up at the stars.

He knelt long, looking up at them. And as he gazed a great calm came to him. Doubts slipped from him. Personal sufferings seemed a very little thing. If he must suffer, he would suffer.

At the end of an hour he arose from his knees. For a moment he stood, his eyes lifted toward the heavens, his face white, his lips set. Then he drew a long sigh.

The struggle was over.

He had solved his problem. He had reached the only decision possible to a man of honor.



Late in the evening, the last army Napoleon was destined to command broke and scattered.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the month of September Dr. Ferrero told of the events leading up to the battle of Waterloo: the preparation of the armies of France by Napoleon and the massing of the English, Dutch and Prussian armies in Belgium. By June 10 signs that the French were about to invade Belgium were unmistakable, but the easy-going Lord Wellington, who never took things in a hurry, wrote to the Czar as late as June 15 that he intended to take the offensive toward the end of the month. Before noon he was obliged to recognize that Napoleon had forestalled him that very day. All day Wellington wavered in indecision. Toward evening he gave orders to his army to march, but he was undecided as to where to strike, Quatre-Bras or Mons. At last he reached a decision—choosing precisely the plan that would keep his army and Blücher's apart, and having issued his orders he went to the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

While the company was awirl with merriment, a servant bore an envelope to the Prince of Orange, who, upon reading it, turned pale and, trembling, handed it to Wellington. This note announced that the French advance guard had appeared on the Brussels road before Quatre-Bras. Wellington raised his shoulders, declaring that the news could not be true; but as soon as the supper was finished, he gathered those of his generals who were present at the ball in a room and amid the harmonies of the dancing, which had recommenced, he confirmed and explained the orders already given to them in writing the previous evening, and which would have led his army to rout. One by one, they all left the party, the young officers and those of minor rank last. And at dawn, the ball broke up to the sound of bagpipes calling the warriors to battle.

THUS in the night between the 15th and 16th, Wellington prepared to abandon Blücher to the blows of Napoleon by carrying his own army where the enemy was not. Blücher disposed his troops for an attack upon Napoleon, firmly hoping that Wellington would give him strong support. And Napoleon deceived himself into believing that he would be able to march upon Brussels without striking a blow or nearly that. On the evening of the 15th, having read the reports of his generals, he was convinced that the Prussians and English, surprised by his unexpected attack, were withdrawing upon their bases of operation, the former towards Liège, the latter towards Antwerp. For this reason, on the morning of the 16th, he renewed his orders to Ney to occupy Quatre-Bras and to hold it, while he himself would move with his right wing upon Sombrélie and Gembloux to clear the ground of such Prussians as might still cumber it, and then reunite with Ney and the left at Quatre-Bras for a night march upon Brussels. At this moment, he was hoping that his first columns would be able to enter Brussels on the morning of the 17th.

All three of the generals were groping about like people walking in the dark, as so often happens in war. For this reason the day was to be full of surprises. Toward morning, Wellington's ideas began to clarify. The noble and obstinate lord began at last to realize that if Blücher gave battle, he would have to go to his support; and that to do this it would be necessary for him to be master of the village of Quatre-Bras, which that very night he had ordered abandoned. In fact, at six o'clock in the morning, just as

him. Even at this time, Napoleon did not dream that Wellington had, during the night, ordered the abandonment of the position upon which the issue of battle might depend and that unless something extraordinary and incredible happened Ney might be able to decide the fate of battle by occupying an empty village without firing a shot! But in those bizarre days, the destiny of the world hung by such slender threads!

Thus, between 9 and 11 o'clock in the morning, Blücher and Napoleon were preparing to clash—the former trying to get into communication with Wellington, whose way Napoleon was trying to bar so that he might not come to the aid of the Prussians. Wellington, meanwhile, upon whom the outcome of the day seemed to depend, arrived at Quatre-Bras about ten o'clock, and there found a great part of the forces he had ordered to concentrate at Nivelles already engaged in battle with Ney, who was trying to occupy the village. What had happened? This strange and almost incredible fact to which little allusion is generally made—Generals Rebecque and Perponcher had disobeyed their orders! The order to abandon the Brussels road to the enemy had seemed to them so absurd and dangerous that they had taken upon themselves the responsibility of concentrating upon Quatre-Bras all the forces they possibly could. Now all military codes prescribe death by shooting for officers who disobey in war. . . . But on this occasion, Wellington showed himself truly a noble lord; he realized that he had been wrong and instead of taking offence at the insubordination of his inferiors, he congratulated them and paid them compliments!

At length even Wellington had come to realize that a united front against the French, who were resolutely headed toward Brussels, had become urgent. He accordingly decided to get into immediate communication with Blücher; and toward one o'clock the two generals met upon the little hill of Brye, where, at the Mussy mill, there occurred that famous conversation between the two chiefs which has given the historians so many threads to twist.

The admirers of Blücher—that is, the Germans—say that Wellington gave Blücher a formal pledge of aid, in case he should attack the French; according to this view, the responsibility of the reverse which Blücher experienced that day would be chargeable to Wellington. The admirers of Wellington—that is, the English—declare on the other hand that the Englishman promised the Prussian to aid him only in case he himself were not attacked; in which case, Blücher would have no one but himself to blame for what befell him a short time thereafter. We have no means of disentangling this controversy. The fact remains that toward two o'clock Napoleon beheld a great army—three of the four army corps commanded by Blücher—deploying themselves along the Ligny; and he resolved to destroy it before evening, himself attacking it in front and commanding Ney, after repulsing the enemy at Quatre-Bras, to turn Blücher's right wing.

In the second of the two letters which Napoleon that day wrote to Ney to repeat the order to turn Blücher's right wing, Napoleon declared: "The fate of France is in your hands." And, indeed, if Ney had obeyed, the whole of Blücher's army might have been taken prisoner and dispersed. But Ney, who was engaged against Wellington's troops at Quatre-Bras, did not obey. The explana-

NEW LIGHT ON THE GREATEST DRAMA OF HISTORY

Waterloo and the Fall of Napoleon Interpreted by GUGLIELMO FERRERO

he was leaving Brussels, he had reversed his own orders and commanded a part of his troops to turn from the Nivelles road toward Quatre-Bras. In turn, Napoleon, who, about nine o'clock, while on the road to Fleurus, had perceived that Blücher, instead of retreating, was preparing to give battle, immediately reiterated his orders to Ney to capture Quatre-Bras at any cost, without loss of time or hesitation. Meanwhile, he himself disposed his forces in such a way as to prevent the English from coming to Blücher's aid while he was engaged with

tions which have been advanced for this inertia of the celebrated Marshal are diverse. Some think that Ney, believing perhaps that the enemy with whom he was engaged was stronger than he actually was, felt that he was not in a position to disengage so much as a part of his troops. Others say that he did not understand the emperor's order or grasp its capital importance. Others, finally, affirm that in those days Ney was no longer himself, that he no longer possessed that confident resoluteness which had been his great quality in his better days.

However this may be, Ney prevented Wellington from relieving Blücher; but he was not on hand in time to give Blücher his death blow, so that while the Prussian army was defeated on the Ligny it was not destroyed. After a terrible struggle, in which Blücher came near being made a prisoner, the Prussians retired by night in the direction of Wavre, leaving many dead on the field, and a great number of prisoners and cannon in the hands of the enemy.

However, the Prussian army had received such a blow that throughout the 17th it was no longer *hors de combat*. For a single day, the English army was thus isolated and so exposed to complete destruction had, Napoleon attacked it at Quatre-Bras early on the morning of the 17th. The defeat of Blücher constrained the English army to withdraw toward Brussels; the thing to do would have been to prevent its withdrawal, to assault it before it could strike camp or at the moment when it was decamping—a task that should have been easy of execution to a warrior so swift as Napoleon, so accustomed to taking the enemy by surprise, especially since fortune, which the day before had favored the English, seemed this

morning, by holding the enemy at Quatre-Bras, to swing back again to Napoleon. Wellington, who all the previous day had battled with Ney, had gone to spend the night at Genappe without having received news of Blücher's defeat, owing to the fact that the officer whom Gienstein, Blücher's chief-of-staff, had sent to announce the disaster to him had been killed on the way. So that Wellington did not know what had happened until almost eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th. That the English army, unable for that day to rely upon Prussian aid, could not afford to remain in contact with the victorious army, was clear. But it was also clear that, with a general of such resolution and rapidity as Napoleon before it, it would have to strike camp with all possible speed. But Wellington was never in a hurry; and even on this morning he went out to examine the enemy's lines; talked, deliberated, hesitated; and did not decide to order the movement until almost ten o'clock.

Why did not Napoleon take advantage of this tardiness to fall upon the enemy and destroy him? He, the general who, upon so many fields of battle, had thrown his adversaries into confusion by the swiftness of his movements? It appears that the emperor had been sick during the night; he had slept little or very poorly. The generals who saw him on the morning of the 17th, just after he had arisen, declare that he seemed tired and depressed. Was it fatigue and illness that made him irresolute on that morning when the fate of centuries hung upon the thread of minutes? Or was it the exhaustion of his soldiers that made him hesitate, and the uncertainty he felt that morning as to what the English and the Prussians were doing? In the supreme moments in which the whole stream of history seems to be compelled to pass through the brain of a single man, such insoluble problems are wont to arise. Certain it is at any rate that on that morning Napoleon competed with Wellington in losing time. After having conceived a good idea, he wavered; he considered the advisability of letting his soldiers rest the whole day in camp; then he reconsidered and gave orders for the advance. He detached the 3rd and 4th corps, one division of the 6th, the 2nd corps of cavalry and one division of the 1st, and sent them in command of Marshal Grouchy to watch and block the Prussians if they should attempt to join the English; and with the remainder of the army he moved against Wellington.

But too late! The English were already beating their retreat toward Brussels. Beneath the deluge of rain which the heavens poured down upon the hurrying armies on that memorable day, Napoleon was unable to do more than strike their rear-guard. That evening, about seven o'clock, the advance-guard of the French army found the English army drawn up for battle on the slope of Mont Saint Jean commanding the Brussels road. The hour was too late to begin battle; so that the French encamped for the night on ground soaked by the day's rain, certain that the following day would see the decisive engagement.

But Wellington, even though he had drawn up his troops in line of battle on the ground where he expected to spend the night, had as yet decided nothing with regard to the morrow—whether to give battle, or to try to avoid it by withdrawing beyond Brussels and across the Scheldt. The crisis was as ever charged with doubt and anxiety.

(Continued on page 18)

THE EAR IN THE WALL

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of the Craig Kennedy Stories "The Romance of Elaine" etc.

Illustrated by ARMAND BOTH

SYNOPSIS—With Craig Kennedy, master detective of science and human nature, on the mysterious trail of the "Black Book" and the woman who wrote it, Betty Blackwell! In that book Betty had written what she heard of one end of a dictaphone wire—the other end was in Dorgan's room, Dorgan political boss of the city. Any number of people wanted to know the secrets of that black book: Dorgan, of course, did; so did District Attorney Carlton, in order to expose the gang and win his re-election; so did Livingston of Wall Street, that he might force Dorgan to let him in on the profit; likewise Mrs. Ogley wanted to know—it meant her reputation; and Kennedy did—it was his job. Somebody broke into Livingston's office safe to get the book. But had the book ever been in the safe? Livingston didn't say; nobody knew. Betty was Livingston's stenographer; she had disappeared after writing the book. One theory was that Betty had double-crossed Livingston and broken into the safe to get the book again. But Kennedy proved that it was a strong man with a jimmy who had broken into Livingston's office, proved this same man had burned a hole in the safe with thermit. He proved this last fact to Carlton and me by burning a hole in a steel plate in his laboratory up at the University. And that's the point where again the story begins below—

YES," replied Kennedy to Carlton who was still staring at the hole which the powder had burned into the steel plate before his very eyes, "yes, thermit is an invention of a chemist named Goldschmidt, of Essen, Germany. It is composed of iron oxide, such as comes off a blacksmith's anvil or the rolls of a rollingmill, and powdered metallic aluminum. You could thrust a red-hot bar into it without setting it off, but when you light a little magnesium powder and drop it on thermit, a combustion is started that quickly reaches fifty-four hundred degrees Fahrenheit. It has the peculiar property of concentrating its heat to the immediate spot on which it is placed. It is one of the most powerful oxidizing agents known, and it doesn't even melt the rest of the steel surface. You see how it ate its way directly through this plate. Steel, hard or soft, tempered, annealed, chrome, or Harveyized—it all burns just as fast and just as easily. And it's comparatively inexpensive, also. This is an experiment Goldschmidt is fond of showing his students—burning holes in one and two-inch steel plates. It is the same with a safe—only you need more of the stuff. Either black or red thermit will do the trick equally well, however."

Neither of us said anything. There was nothing to say, except to feel and express amazement.

"Someone uncommonly clever or instructed by someone uncommonly clever, must have done that job at Langhorne's," added Craig. "Have you any idea who might pull off such a thing for Dorgan or Murtha?" he asked of Carlton.

"There's a possible suspect," answered Carlton slowly, "but since I've seen this wonderful exhibition of what thermit can do, I'm almost ashamed to mention his name. He's not in the class that would be likely to use such things."

"Oh," laughed Kennedy, "never think it. Don't you suppose the crooks read the scientific and technical papers? Believe me, they have known about thermit as long as I have. Safes are constructed now that are proof against even that, and other methods of attack. No, indeed, your modern scientific cracksmen keeps abreast of the times in his field better than you imagine. Our only protection is that fortunately science always keeps several laps ahead of him in the race—and besides, we have organized society to meet all such perils. It may be that the very cleverness of the fellow will be his own undoing. The unusual criminal is often that much the easier to run down. It narrows the number of suspects."

"Well," rejoined Carlton, not as confident now as when he had first met us in the laboratory, "then there is a possible suspect—a fellow known in the underworld as 'Dopey' Jack—Jack Rubano. He's a clever fellow—no doubt. But I hardly think he's capable of that, although I should call him rather more advanced than a vegetable."

"What makes you suspect him?" asked Kennedy eagerly.

"Well," temporized Carlton, "I haven't anything 'on' him in this connection, it's true. But we've been trying to find him and can't seem to locate him in connection with primary frauds in Murtha's own district. Dopey Jack is the leader of a gang of gunmen over there and is Murtha's first lieutenant whenever there is a tough political battle of the organization either at the primaries or on Election Day."

"Has a record, I suppose?" prompted Kennedy.

"Would have—if it wasn't for the influence of Murtha," rejoined Carlton.

I had heard, in knocking about the city, of Dopey Jack Rubano. That was the picturesque title by which he was known to the police and his enemies, as well as to his devoted followers. A few years before, he had begun his career fighting in "preliminaries" at the local prize-fight clubs.

He had begun life with a better chance than most slum boys, for he had rugged health and an unusually sturdy body. His very strength had been his ruin. Working decently for wages, he had been told by other petty gang leaders that he was a "sucker" when he could get many times as much for boxing a few rounds at some "athletic club. He tried out the game with many willing instructors and found that it was easy money.

Jack began to wear better clothes and study the methods of other young men who never worked but always seemed to have plenty of money. They were his pals and showed him how it was done. It wasn't long before he learned that he could often get more by hitting a man with a blackjack

than by using his fists in the roped ring. Then, too, there were various ways of blackmail and extortion that were simple, safe, and lucrative. He might be arrested, but he early found that by making himself useful to some politicians, they could fix that minor difficulty in the life.

Thus because he was not only strong and brutal, but had a sort of ability and some education, Dopey Jack quickly rose to a position of leadership—had his own incipient "gang," his own "lobbyboys." His following increased as he rose in gangland, and finally he came to be closely associated with Murtha himself on one hand and the "guns" and other criminals of the underworld who frequented the stuss games where they gambled away the products of their crimes, on the other.

Everyone knew Dopey Jack. He had been charged with many crimes, but always through the aid of "the big fellows" he avoided the penitentiary and every fresh and futile attempt to end his career increased the numbers and reverence of his followers. This had been his history and he was the pattern now of practically every gang leader of consequence in the city. The fight-club had been his testing ground. There he had learned the code, which can be summarized in two words, "Don't squeal." For gangland hates nothing so much as a "snitch." As a beginner he could be trusted to commit any crime assigned to him and go to prison, perhaps the chair, rather than betray a leader. As a leader he had those under him trained in the same code. That still was his code to those above him in the System.

"We want him for friends at the primaries," repeated Carlton, "at least, if we can find him, we can hold him on that for a time. I thought perhaps he might know something of the robbery—and about the disappearance of the girl, too."

"Oh," he continued, "there are lots of things against him. Why, only last week there was a dance of a rival association of gang leaders. Against them Dopey Jack led a band of his own followers and in the ensuing pistol battle a passer-by was killed. Of course we can't connect 'Dopey Jack' with his death, but then—we know as well as we know anything in gangland that he was responsible."

"I suppose it isn't impossible that he may know something about the disappearance of Miss Blackwell," remarked Kennedy.

"No," replied Carlton, "not at all, although, so far, there is absolutely no clue as far as I can figure out. She may have been bought off or she may have been kidnapped."

"In either case the missing girl must be found," said Craig. "We must get someone interested in her case who knows something about what may happen to a girl in New York."

Carlton had been revolving the matter in his mind. "By George," he exclaimed suddenly, "I think I know just the person to take up that case for us—it's quite in her line. Can you spare the time to run down to the Reform League headquarters with me?"

"Nothing could be more important, just at the minute," replied Craig.

The telephone buzzed and he answered it, a moment later handing the receiver to Carlton.

"It's your office," he said. "One of the assistant district attorneys wants you on the wire."

As Carlton hung up the receiver he turned to us with a look of great satisfaction.

"Dopey Jack has just been arrested," he announced.

"He has shut up like an oyster, but we think we can at least hold him for a few days this time until we sift down some of these clues."

Carlton took us directly to the campaign headquarters of the Reform League where his fight for political life was being conducted.

We found the offices in the tower of a skyscraper, whence



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"Press it—press it!" Kennedy whispered, pointing to the push button as he stood up with his spying machine.

ARMAND BOTH

was pouring forth a torrent of appeal to the people, in printed and oral form of every kind, urging them to stand shoulder to shoulder for good government and vote the "ring" out of power.

There seemed to me to be a different tone to the place from that which I had ordinarily associated with political headquarters in previous campaigns. There was a notable absence of the old-fashioned politicians and of the air of intrigue laden with tobacco.

Rather, there was an air of earnestness and efficiency, which was decidedly encouraging and hopeful. It seemed to speak of a new era in politics, when things were to be done in the open instead of at secret meetings and scandalous dinners, as Dorgan did them at Gaston's.

Maps of the city were hanging on the walls, some stuck full of various colored pins, denoting the condition of the canvass. Other maps of the city in colors, divided into all sorts of districts, told how fared the battle in the various strongholds of Boss Dorgan and sub-boss Murtha.

Huge systems of card indexes, loose-leaf devices, labor-saving appliances for getting out a vast amount of campaign "literature" in a hurry, in short, a perfect system, such as a great, well-managed business might have been proud of, were in evidence everywhere one looked.

Work was going ahead in every department under high pressure, for the campaign, which had been more than usually heated, was now drawing to a close. Indeed, it would have taken no great astuteness, even without one's being told, to deduce merely from the surroundings that the people here were engaged in the annual struggle of seeking the votes of their fellow citizens for reform and were nearly worn out by the arduous endeavor.

It had been, as I have said, the bitterest campaign in years. Formerly the reformers had been of the "silk-stocking" type, but now a new and younger generation was coming upon the stage, a generation which had been trained to achieve results, ambitious to attain what in former years had been considered impossible. The Reform League was making a stiff campaign and the System was, by the same token, more frightened than ever before.

Carlton was fortunate in having shaken off the thrall of the old bosses even before the popular uprising against them had assumed such proportions as to warrant any one in taking his political life in his hands by defying

the powers that ruled behind the scenes. In fact, the Reform League itself owed its existence to a fortunate conjunction of both moral and economic conditions which demanded progress.

Of course, the League did not have such a big "barrel" as their opponents under Dorgan. But, at least they did have many willing workers, men and women who were ready to sacrifice something for the advancement of the principles for which they stood.

In one part of the suite of offices which had been leased by the League, Carton had assigned to him an office of his own, and it was to this office that he led us, after a word with the boy who guarded the approach to the door, and an exchange of greetings with various workers and visitors in the outside office.

We seated ourselves while Carton ran his eye through some letters that had been left on his desk for his attention.

A moment later the door of his office opened and a young lady in a very stunning street dress, with a pretty little rakish hat and a tantalizing veil, stood a moment, hesitated, and then was about to turn back with an apology for intruding on what looked like a conference.

"Good morning, Miss Ashton," greeted Carton, laying down the letters instantly. "You're just the person I want to see."

The girl, with a portfolio of papers in her hand, smiled, and he quickly crossed the room and held the door politely open, as he whispered a word or two to her.

She was a handsome girl, something more than even pretty. The lithe gracefulness of her figure spoke of familiarity with both tennis and tango, and her face with its well-chiseled profile denoted intellectuality from which no touch of really feminine charm had been removed by the fear-some process of the creation of the modern woman. Sincerity as well as humor looked out from the liquid depths of her blue eyes beneath the wavy masses of blonde hair. She was good to look at and we looked, irresistibly.

"Let me introduce Professor Kennedy and Mr. Jameson, Miss Ashton," began Carton, adding, "Of course you have heard of Miss Margaret Ashton, the suffragist leader? She is the head of our press bureau, you know. She's making a great fight for us here—a winning fight."

It seemed from the heightened look of determination which set Carton's face in deeper lines that Miss Ashton had that indispensable political quality of inspiring both confidence and enthusiasm in those who worked with her.

"It is indeed a great pleasure to meet you," remarked Kennedy. "Both Mr. Jameson and myself have heard and read a great deal about your work, though we seem never before to have had the pleasure of meeting you."

Miss Ashton, I recalled, was a very clever girl, a graduate of a famous woman's college, and had had several years of newspaper experience before she became a leader in the cause of equal suffrage.

The Ashtons were well-known in society, and it was a sore trial to some of her conservative friends that she should reject what they considered the proper "sphere" for women and choose to go out into life and devote herself to doing something that was worth while, rather than to fritter her time and energy away on the gayety and inconsequentiality of social life.

Among those friends, I had understood, was Hartley Langhorne himself. He was older than Miss Ashton, but had belonged to the same social circle and had always held her in high regard. In fact the attentions he paid her had long been noticeable, the more so as she seemed politely unaffected by them.

It is far from my intention even to hint that the ability or success of the head of the press bureau were not all her own or were in any degree overrated. But it struck me, both then and often later, that the candidate for district attorney had an extraordinary interest in the newspaper campaign, much more, for instance, than in the speakers' bureau. I am sure that it was not wholly accounted for by the fact that publicity is playing a more and more important part in political campaigning.

Nevertheless, as we came to know afterwards, such innovations as her card-index system by election districts all over the city, showing the attitude of the various newspaper editors, local leaders, and other influential citizens, recording changes of sentiment and possible openings for future work, all were very full and valuable. Kennedy, who had a regular pigeon-hole mind for facts himself, was visibly impressed by the huge mechanical memory built up by Miss Ashton.

Though he said nothing to me, I knew that Craig also had observed the state of affairs between the reform candidate and the suffrage leader.

"You see, Miss Ashton," explained Carton, "someone has placed a detectaphone in the private dining-room of Dorgan at Gaston's. I heard of it first through Mrs. Oglesby, who attended one of the dinners and was terribly afraid her name would be connected with them if the record should ever be published."

"Mrs. Oglesby?" cried Miss Ashton quickly. "She—at a dinner—with Mr. Murtha? I—I can't believe it."

Carton said nothing. Whether he knew more about Mrs. Oglesby he cared to tell, I could not even guess.

As he went on briefly summarizing the story, Miss Ashton shot a quick glance or two at him. "I suppose," he concluded, "that she thought I was the only person capable of eavesdropping. As a matter of fact, I think the instrument was put in by Hartley Langhorne as part of the fight that is going on under the surface in the organization."

It was Carton's turn now, I fancied, to observe Miss Ashton more closely. As far as I could see, the information was a matter of perfect indifference to her.

Carton did not say it in so many words, but one could not help gathering that rather than seem to be pursuing a possible rival and using his official position in order to do it, he was not considering Langhorne in any other light than as a mere actor in the drama between himself and Dorgan and Murtha.

"Now," he concluded, "the point of the whole thing is this, Miss Ashton. Today we learn that a Miss Betty Blackwell, who took the notes over the detectaphone for the Black Book, has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. If she is gone, it may be difficult to prove anything, even if we get the book. Miss Blackwell happens to be a stenographer in the office of Langhorne & Westlake."

For the first time, Miss Ashton seemed to show a sign of embarrassment. Evidently she would just as well have had Miss Blackwell in some other connection. "Perhaps you would rather have nothing to do with it," suggested Carton, "but I knew that you were always interested in things of the sort that happen to girls in the city and thought perhaps you could advise us, even if you don't feel like personally taking up the case."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she murmured. "Of course, the first thing for us to do is, as you say, find out what has become of Betty Blackwell."

Carton turned suddenly at the word "us," but Miss Ashton was still studying the pattern of the rug.

"Do you know any more about her?" she asked at length.

As fully as possible the district attorney repeated what he had already told us. Miss Ashton seemed to be more than interested in the story of the disappearance of Langhorne's stenographer.

As Carton unfolded the meager details of what we knew so far, Miss Ashton appeared to be torn by conflicting opinions. The more she thought of what might possibly have happened to the unfortunate girl, the more aroused about the case she seemed to become.

Carton had evidently calculated on enlisting her sympathies, knowing how she felt toward many of the social and economic injustices toward women and particularly girls.

"If Mr. Murtha or Mr. Dorgan is responsible in any way for any harm to her," she said finally, her earnest eyes now ablaze with indignation, "I shall not rest until some one is punished."

Kennedy had been watching her emotions keenly, I suspect, to see whether she connected Langhorne in any way with the disappearance. I could see that it interested him that she did not seem even to consider that Langhorne might be responsible. Whether her intuition was correct or not, it was at least better at present than any guess that we three might have made.

"They control so many forces for evil," she went on, "that there is no telling what they might command against a defenceless girl like her when it is a question of their political power."

"Oh, yes," recollected Carton, "by the way, as I was on my way down here, my office called up and told me that they had succeeded in locating and arresting Dopey Jack. That ought to please you—it will mean cutting down the number of those East Side 'rackets' considerably if we succeed with him."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "Yes, I don't think there were any worse affairs than the dances of that Jack Rubano Association. They got hold of more young girls and caused more tragedies than any other gang. If you need any help in getting together evidence, Mr. Carton, I shall be only too glad to help you. I have several old scores myself to settle with that young tough."

"Thank you," said Carton. "I shall need your help, if we are to do anything. Of course, we can hold him only for primary frauds just now, but I may be able to do something about that dance that he broke up as a shooting affray."

Miss Ashton nodded encouragingly. "And," he went on, "it's barely possible that he may know something, or some of his followers may, about the robbery of Mr. Langhorne's safe—if not the disappearance of Betty Blackwell."

"They'd stop at nothing to save their precious skins," commented Miss Ashton. "Perhaps that is a good lead. At any rate I can suggest that to the various societies and other agencies which I intend to set in motion trying to trace what has happened to her. You can have him held until they have time to report."

"I shall make it a point to do so at any cost," he returned, "and I can say only this, that we are all deeply indebted to you for the interest you have shown in the case."

"Not at all," she replied enthusiastically, evidently having overcome the first hesitation which had existed because Miss Blackwell had been Langhorne's stenographer.

Miss Ashton had quickly jotted down in her note-book the best description we could give of the missing girl, her address,



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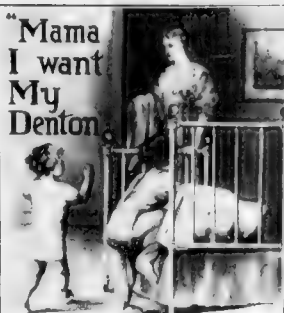
"If Mr. Murtha or Mr. Dorgan is responsible for any harm to Betty Blackwell," she was watching her emotions keenly to see whether she could

and other facts about her, and a list of those whom she meant to start at work on the case.

For a moment she hesitated over one name, then with a sudden resolution wrote it down.

"I intend to see Hartley Langhorne about it, too," she added frankly. "Perhaps he may tell something of importance after all."

I am sure that this final resolution cost her more than all the rest. Carton would never have asked it of her, yet I knew was gratified that she saw it to be her duty to leave nothing undone in tracing the girl, not even the possibility of offending Langhorne.



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As the echo died, the district attorney turned to us. "Apparently, then, Douglin did not secure the Black Book," was all he said, "even supposing Poppy Jack planned and executed that robbery of Langhorne."

"THAT'S a declaration of war," remarked Kennedy, as Carton resumed his seat at the desk unconcernedly after the stormy ending of the interview with Murtha. "I suppose it is," agreed the district attorney, "and I can't say that I am sorry."

"Nor I," added Craig. "But it settles one thing. We are now out in what I call the 'open' investigation. They have forced us from cover. We shall have to be prepared to take quick action now, whatever move they may make."

Together we were speculating on the various moves that the System might make, and how we might prepare in advance for them.

Eventually, however, we were not yet through with these indirect dealings with the Boss. The System was thoroughly, if nothing else, and prompt.

We had about decided to continue our conference over the dinner-table in some up-town restaurant, when the officer stationed in the hall poked his head in the door and announced another visitor for the district attorney.

This time the entrance was exactly the opposite to the bluster of Murtha. The man who sidled deferentially into the room, not a moment after Carton had said he would see him, was a middle-sized fellow, with a high, slightly bald forehead, a shifty expression in his sharp, feline eyes, and a nervous, self-confident manner that must have been very impressive when the newcomer.

"My name is Kahn," he introduced himself. "I'm a lawyer."

Carton nodded recognition.

Although I had never seen the man before, I collected the name. He was one of the best-known lawyers of the System. He had begun his career as an "ambulance chaser," had risen later to the dignity of a judge, and now was of the type that might be called for want of a better name, a high class "hyster"—insouciant, sharp, cunning.

Shyster, I believe, has been defined as a legal knave, a lawyer who practices in a unprofessional or tricky manner. Kahn was all that—and still more. If he had been successful, he would have been the lack sheep of the overworked legal birds. He had none. His claws reached out to grab the pittance of the poverty-stricken client as well as the fee of the wealthy. He had risen from hospitals to police commissioner's courts, and criminal courts, at last attaining the dignity of offices opposite an entrance to the criminal-courts building, from which vantage point his lawless adventures of the scene of operations had pictures hovering over bewildered cattle.

Carton knew him. Kahn was the leader among some score of men more or less well dressed, of more or less evil appearance, who are constantly prowling from one end to the other of the broad first floor of the criminal-courts building during the hours that justice is being administered.

These are the shyster lawyers and their runners and agents who prey upon the men and women whom misfortune of one kind or another has delivered into the hands of the law. Others of the same species are wandering about the galleries on other floors of the building, each with a furtive eye for those who may seem to be in need of legal assistance for a relative or friend in trouble or who may be in trouble themselves. Perhaps half the lawyers practising in the courts are reputable to the highest degree, and many of the rest merely to a safe degree. Many devote themselves to philanthropic work whenever a prisoner is penniless. But the percentage of shysters is high. Kahn belonged in the latter class, although his days of doing the dirty work himself were passed. He had a large force of inept shysters for that purpose. As for himself, he handled only the big cases in which the dirt was tempered by a sort of veneered fineness.

Kahn bowed and smiled ingratiatingly. "Mr. Carton," he began in a conciliatory tone, "I have intruded on your valuable time in the interest of my client, Mr. Jack Ruben."

"Huh," grunted Carton. "So he's retained you, have they, huh?" he asked familiarly.

Kahn, far from resenting the familiarity, seemed rather to enjoy it and take it as his due measure of fame.

"Yes, Mr. Carton, they have retained

me. I have a hard case with the prisoner in the Toledo and have given over to me very carefully."

Carton nodded, and said nothing, willing to let Kahn do the talking for the present and let him expose himself.

He had told me all about his case, pursued Kahn evenly. "It is not such a hard case. I can tell you that Mr. Carton, because I don't have to resort to the friend of the judge, and, incidentally show him that he had a good chance."

Kahn looked knowingly at Carton. At least he was not about to show himself as an inferior. He was, however, he knew it, was no use, that Carton had no illusions about him. Still, there was an inner, heavy, almost all. Kahn was indeed very successful in making the worst appear the better reason. He knew it, and now that Carton knew it, that was his work in the field.

He had seen the effect of a letter by the district attorney, and he had seen the effect of Kahn's stamp seem unable to talk with getting into almost personal contact with those with whom they are talking. Carton drew back and folded his hands back of his head as he listened, still silent.

"You know, Mr. Carton," he insinuated, "it is very different thing to be sure in your own mind that a man is guilty from being able to prove it in court. There are all sorts of delays that may be granted, witnesses are hard to hold together, in fact there are many difficulties that arise in the best of cases."

You can't expect a small case like Kahn's to be a perfect case.

I suppose, Mr. Carton, that you are not sure that as a preface to what I have to say."

He took another hitch of the chair near Carton, and then he began to speak.

There is a great deal to be said in which we can reach an agreement. I promise, this case, satisfactorily to the people with a minimum of time and expense. I am sure, I will be able to do it. The pleadings can be amended so that it can be wound up and—you understand, both of us win instead of dragging it out and perhaps losing the case in the end."

Carton shook his head. "No, Kahn," he said, "I am not a lawyer, but I am a compromise."

Kahn went his feline eyes on Carton's face, and he bore through into his eyes and mouth.

Now, said the district attorney, "Murtha was not here, and I may as well repeat what I said to him, although I ought fairly to say that he went from the room directly across the street to your office, and that you saw it already. His case has gone to court, and I am sure, although I am not a lawyer, that you will be able to do it. The pleadings can be amended so that it can be wound up and—you understand, both of us win instead of dragging it out and perhaps losing the case in the end."

Kahn was baffled, but he was determined that Murtha and he should win.

So he said, "You must realize that if I don't win, you will, at such a cost, and I am sure, that you will be able to do it. The pleadings can be amended so that it can be wound up and—you understand, both of us win instead of dragging it out and perhaps losing the case in the end."

"Kahn," repeated Carton a little testily, "how often must I repeat to you and your people that I am not going to compromise this case in any shape, form or manner? I am a lawyer, and I am sure, that you will be able to do it. The pleadings can be amended so that it can be wound up and—you understand, both of us win instead of dragging it out and perhaps losing the case in the end."

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Carton nodded, and said nothing, willing to let Kahn do the talking for the present and let him expose himself.



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can stay here unnoticed, the better. Let Walter sit on the outside."

We changed places. Lawyers have been complaining to me, lately," remarked Carton, in a well-modulated voice, "about jury-fixing. Some of them say it has been going on on a large scale, and I have had several of my county detectives working on it. But they haven't landed anything yet—except rumors, like this one about the Dupey Jack jury. I've had them out posing as jurymen who could be 'approached' and would arrange terms for other bribable jurymen."

"And you mean to say that that's going on right here in this city?" I asked, scenting a possible new paper-story.

"This campaign I have started," he replied, "is only the beginning of our work in breaking up the organized business of jury-bribing. I mean to put an end to the work of what I have reason to believe is a secret ring of jury-fixers. Why, I understand that the prices for 'hauling' a juror range all the way from five to five hundred dollars, or even higher in an important case. The size of the jury-fixer's 'cut' depends upon the amount the client is willing to pay for having his case made either a disaster or a triumph. Usually a bonus is demanded for a dismissal in criminal cases. But such things are very difficult to trace."

"Sh!" I cautioned, for my vantage point I saw two men approaching. They saw me in the booth, but not the rest of us, and turned to enter the next one. Though they were talking in low tones, we could catch words and phrases now and then, which told us that we ourselves would have to be very careful about being overheard.

"We've got to be careful," one of them remarked in a scarcely audible undertone. "Carton has detectives mingling with the takers in every court of importance in the city."

The reply of the other was not audible, but Carton leaned over to us and whispered: "One of Kahn's runners, I think."

Apparently Kahn was taking extreme precautions and wanted everything in readiness so that whatever was to be done would go off smoothly. Kennedy glanced up at the little black leather box perched high above the sill of the partition.

"The hell," said a thousand dollars is the highest price that he can afford for 'hauling' this jury, providing you get on it, or any of your friends."

The other man whose voice was not of the vibrating, penetrating quality of the runner, seemed to hesitate and to be inclined to argue. "We've had 'em as low as five dollars," went on the runner, at which Carton exchanged a knowing glance with us. "But in a special case like this, we realize that they come high."

The other man grumbled a bit and we could catch the word, "fussy."

Back and forth the argument went. The runner, however, was a worthy representative of his class, and at last he carried both his point and his price.

"All right," he heard him say at last. "The hell is in the back-room. Wait until I see whether he is alone."

The runner rose and went around to the swinging door. From the other side of the partition we could see as we had expected, hear nothing. A moment later the runner returned.

"Go in and see him," he whispered. The man rose and made his way through the swinging door into the back-room.

None of us said a word, but Kennedy was literally on his toes with excitement. He was looking the little battery in his hand and after waiting a few moments, pressed what looked like a push-button.

He could not restrain his impatience longer, but had jumped up on the leather stool and for a moment looked at the black leather box, then through the half-open partition, as best he could.

"Press it—press it!" he whispered to Carton pointing at the push-button, as he turned a little handle on the box, then quickly dropped down and re-armed his seat.

"Crack—one of the waters," I cried hurriedly.

The outside lar had been filling up as the evening advanced, and the sight of a man standing on one of the seats had attracted the attention of a patron. A waiter had followed his curious gaze and saw Kennedy.

With a quick pull on the wire, Kennedy jerked the black leather box from its high perch and deftly caught it as it fell.

"Say—what are youse guys doin', huh?" demanded the waiter pugnaciously.

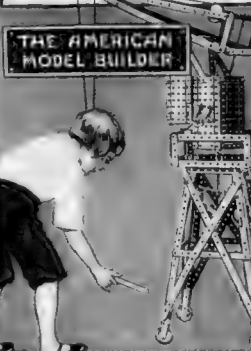
Carton and I had risen and stood between the man and Craig.

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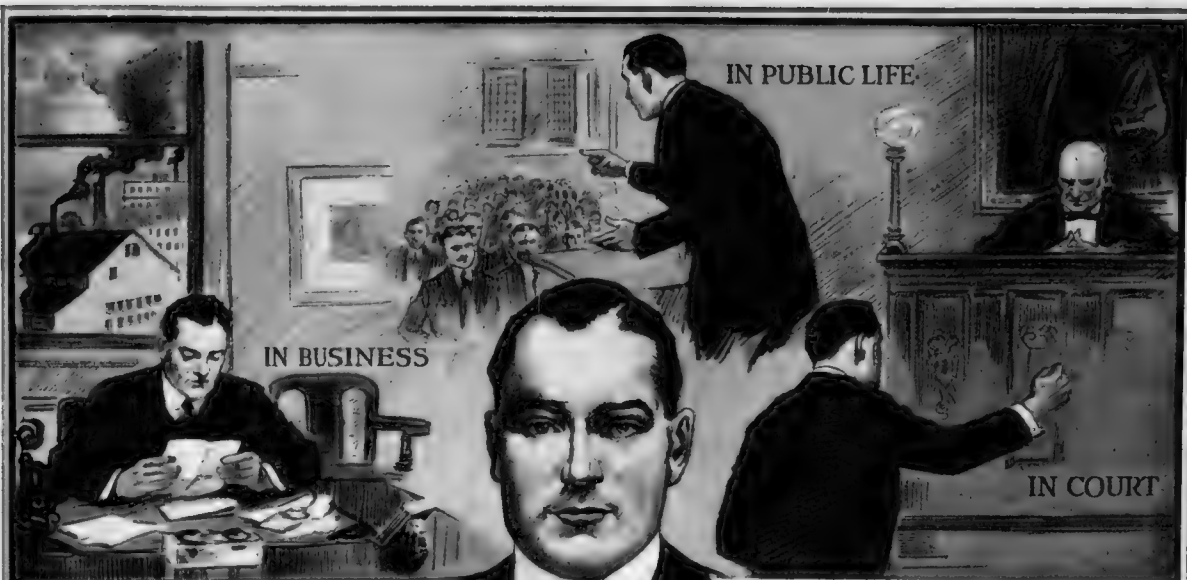


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Blackstone Institute
20 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Love and Beauty Triumphant Over the Baneful Influence of a Diamond of Mighty Value

(Continued from preceding page)

Interest me more than you suppose.

Prize continue.

"Heavenly!" cried Francis.

His memory had made a sudden

bound. He had seen Mr. Vandeleur

take an article from the breast of

his draped visitor, and that article,

he has now persuaded, was a

magnificent case.

"This carries," said he, "it is at

your disposal; collect your baggage

as readily as you can make it

convenient, and my servants will

wait in some degree of comfort until

I have had time to arrange your

clothing, a cloak, a collar, and some

good cigars, which I recommend

to your attention. I am, as you

sided, turning to one of the ser-

vants, but you have heard what I say.

I leave Mr. Vandeleur in your

charge, and I know, he is care-

ful of my friend."

Francis uttered some broken

phrases of gratitude.

"It will be time enough to thank

me," said the prince, "when you

are acknowledged by your father

and married to Miss Vandeleur."

And with that the prince turned

away and strode leisurely in the

direction of Montmartre. He hailed

the first passing cab, gave an ad-

dress, and a quarter of an hour

afterward, having discharged the

driver some distance lower, he was

looking at Mr. Vandeleur's address

book.

It was opened with singular pre-

cision by the dictator in person.

"Who are you," he demanded.

"You must pardon me this time,"

said Mr. Vandeleur, "I am not

at home."

"Your highness is always wel-

come," returned Mr. Vandeleur,

stepping back.

The prince smiled by the open

door, and without waiting for his

host walked right into the house

and opened the door of the saloon.

Two people were seated there; one

was Miss Vandeleur, who bore the

marks of weeping about her eyes,

and the other was a man in a

club smoking-room, who had been

consulted him an literary

matters about a month before, in a

club smoking-room, said Mr.

Vandeleur, "You look fatigued."

"Mr. Vandeleur," said Mr. Rol-

land, "I believe I hope you

have profited by the study of

Gaboriau. Mr. Rol-

land, "You have done right," said Mr.

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erly inspired you, and you will live

to be grateful for the misfortune of

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in my hands; and with the aid of

Heaven I am strong enough to

bring them to a good end. Fol-

low me, if you please, to my car-

riage."

He saying the prince arose and

having left a piece of gold for the

waiter, conducted the young man

from the saloon and along the hall-

way to where an unpretentious

brougham and a couple of servants

out of livery awaited his arrival.

"This carries," said he, "it is at

your disposal; collect your baggage

as readily as you can make it

convenient, and my servants will

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Vandeleur, following his guest, "am

I to attribute the honor of four

hundred and eighty to my friend."

"I am come on business," returned

the prince, "on business with you;

as you are so kind as to ask me

to wait, Mr. Rol-

land, "I am come on business," re-

turned the prince, "on business with

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"WAR STOCKS" WEAKEN UNDER BEAR ATTACKS

Coppers Had Early Support, but Later Decline When Traders Take Profits.

By W. R. ROSS, Financial Editor.

Stocks were weak at the close yesterday in New York and had a downward tendency in Boston. In the former market, where irregularity prevailed at the start, the reaction was most pronounced in war industries, but railroads did not have as much support as they have received of late and copper, firm at first, eased off in sympathy. In spite of declines it was said, underlying sentiment is still bullish. Large interests, it is understood, have a conviction that the war situation will continue to have a beneficial effect on the market.

MANY STOCKS WERE WEAK.

There was a general decline in the market yesterday. The copper group, which had been strong, showed signs of weakness. The railroads, which had been steady, also declined. The war industries, which had been the main support of the market, were also weak. The market was generally bearish, and the closing was lower than the previous day.

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TRAFFIC POLICE IN ACTION UNDER THE NEW 'SAFETY FIRST' CODE



Signaling with right hand, back to front, for vehicles in rear to come ahead. Giving the official sign for traffic in front that has slowed down or stopped, to come ahead. Holding up the traffic behind with one hand and with the other beckoning pedestrians to cross. Mounted officer holding up right hand as sign for traffic in front to wait. Mounted officer signaling to traffic vehicles in front that have stopped or slowed down to come ahead. A patrolman stopping vehicles going both ways and stretching out arms as signal for pedestrians to cross. Holding up vehicle in front with upraised left hand, and those behind at slight angle from body.

BOSTON'S NEW TRAFFIC RULES IN OPERATION

By J. C. KERRISON.

Although the new traffic rules have been in operation but a few days, enough has been seen in the operation and recognition of the same to warrant the assumption that they will shortly be of immense value in safeguarding the public and relieving traffic congestion.

The drivers of vehicles of all kinds were quick to recognize the significance and value of these new police regulations, and to welcome them as something contributing in no small measure to their peace of mind and the safety of the public.

The pedestrians, however, have yet to come to a realization of just what these regulations mean. They have been confronted with a new element, that of being compelled to recognize signals, to which they have heretofore been inclined to pay little or no attention. It is with them more than with the drivers of vehicles that the police will have the greatest difficulty in impressing with the necessity of recognizing the new regulations.

The use of uniform systems of controlling the traffic is something that has long been desired and, while it may take more or less time to get it in full working order, it is a step in the right direction, and the way the police have taken hold of the matter guarantees later success, additional comfort and safety to all who use the streets.

Boston's New Traffic Rules

The new regulations provide that the traffic police must have a clear view of the street from the sidewalk and stand about two feet from the curb. In order to be in a position to see the traffic, the police must stand in a position to see the traffic. The regulations also provide that the police must stand in a position to see the traffic. The regulations also provide that the police must stand in a position to see the traffic.

Regulate Foot Traffic.

It came out at the hearing that there was some question as to whether or not the Street Committee of the police of Boston could regulate foot traffic. The power of the police of Boston could regulate foot traffic. The power of the police of Boston could regulate foot traffic.

Maxim Munitions Co.

Day orders and the information that the Maxim Munitions Co. is a company that has been in operation for many years. The company has been in operation for many years. The company has been in operation for many years.

EDW. BRADY & CO.

45 Devonshire St. The company has been in operation for many years. The company has been in operation for many years. The company has been in operation for many years.

PORCUPINE GOLD

I KNOW SOMETHING. The company has been in operation for many years. The company has been in operation for many years. The company has been in operation for many years.

ALBERT BUTCLIFFE

BOSTON. The company has been in operation for many years. The company has been in operation for many years. The company has been in operation for many years.

FOUR-DAY MOTOR TEST

One Thousand Miles Are to Be Covered in 48 Hours of Running.

Beginning at 8 a. m. tomorrow the Studebaker Corporation, through its dealers and branches, will inaugurate the greatest reliability tour ever staged in any American automobile manufacturing, at which time in practically every large city throughout the United States a 1915 Studebaker will start on the first leg of the four-day journey.

During each of the first four days of the running each car will cover a distance of 250 miles between the hours of 8 a. m. and 8 p. m., making a total mileage of 1,000 miles in four days. The test will be a national one, and will be run in the same manner as the test run by the Studebaker Corporation in 1914. The test will be a national one, and will be run in the same manner as the test run by the Studebaker Corporation in 1914.

Ed Fabre to Race Ontario Stars. The test will be a national one, and will be run in the same manner as the test run by the Studebaker Corporation in 1914. The test will be a national one, and will be run in the same manner as the test run by the Studebaker Corporation in 1914.

Welsh Names Terms for Ritchie Battle

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—With Ritchie in the lead, the battle for the title of champion of the world is being fought in the ring. The battle is being fought in the ring. The battle is being fought in the ring.



As long as there are hills your car MUST climb, why not buy a car with POWER to climb them EASILY?

When you invest in the vicinity of \$1,000 or more in a car, think not of the name of the car, not of its price—but of what the car must do when you get it on the roads.

Hills there are and always will be. POWER you must have to climb them. And all things considered, we believe this new Studebaker 4-cylinder car at \$885 is the greatest hill-climber among the Fours of the year—and we will gladly—more than gladly—test it against any other car of its class.

In POWER and flexibility, this 4-cylinder motor equals most of the Sixes now on the market. It is the ONLY 7-passenger, 4-cylinder car with a 5 1/2-inch bore x 5-inch stroke. FORTY Horse Power motor that has ever been offered in America or Europe at less than \$1000.

And this new Studebaker sets a new standard of VALUE for Fours. Its price has been reduced from \$985 to \$885. Yet nothing but the price has been lowered. In POWER, size and quality the car has been GREATLY INCREASED. Wherever materials have been changed, BETTER materials have been used. The upholstery, for example is the finest, hand-built semi-glazed leather purchasable.

Certainly in the face of such FACTS—facts that can be proved by yourself to your own satisfaction, you cannot wisely buy any car until you know how much this Studebaker offers. See the car today.

STUDEBAKER

South Bend, Ind. Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont. THE DONOVAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY 626-630 Commonwealth Avenue Wholesale Branch, 100 Cummings St. Phone B. 8, 850.

Four Cylinder Models	
Touring Car, 7-passenger	\$ 885
Runabout, 3-passenger	1100
Landau Sedan, 4-passenger	1185
Commercial Cars	
Panel Delivery Car	\$ 875
Open Express Car	885
Studebaker Wagon	915
Six Cylinder Models	
Touring Car, 7-passenger	\$1050
Runabout, 3-passenger	1200
Landau Sedan, 4-passenger	1350
Studebaker Wagon	1400
F. O. B. Detroit	2250

The International Harvester

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THE genius of man has constructed many marvelous harvesting machines. You can see on the western plains the engines that cut down a swath of grain twenty feet wide, thrash it, put the grain in bags, tie the straw in bundles and draw the whole load home.

But all the harvesting machines ever seen, and all the efforts of human ingenuity ever heard of, are as nothing compared to the great harvesting machinery now working on the battlefield of Europe.

This is a 'good picture of the new "International Harvester." Its blades drip with blood, and it mows down men faster than any machine ever mowed the fields of grain.

It is not at work among US, as it happens. We do not hear the crunching of the wheels over the dead bodies, or the screams of those not killed outright. And we are not paying the bill—YET.

But we shall feel the effects of this harvesting. The earth is one great family. That which afflicts hundreds of millions of our brothers across the ocean will afflict us before the whole thing shall end.

We shall carry our share of the load, and we shall pay our part, although not, let us hope, with blood and life.

To a man interested in the world and its history there is NOTHING important now except the dreadful harvest of death over Europe.

The ancients in describing their wars used their imagination and all their power of exaggeration—yet they never approached the cold truth of this horrible slaughter of "civilization."

Think of ten millions of human beings already killed and wounded.

Think of FIFTY THOUSAND MILLIONS of dollars squandered—actually spent! And think of the other thousands of millions indirectly destroyed in commerce, agriculture and industry brought to a standstill and wiped out!

Who could have believed that a civilization able to read, to study history, could have sunk so low? All the power and energy of man is devoted to cutting the throats of men, destroying the priceless works of art, inherited from past centuries, committing every crime that cruelty and devilish heartlessness can possibly suggest.

You see the men in the trenches, their faces covered with hideous masks that make them look like dogs. And they are like dogs, as they fight and slash, attacking each other with poisonous gases and burning fire.

The horror of war is so great that we cannot realize it.

We hear and we think of the millions killed, but it means almost nothing.

Imagine a helpless man on his knees, his face raised imploringly, his arms stretched out. Imagine another man above him, holding with both hands a rifle, at the end of it a bayonet that makes a hole with three edges.

Think of that bayonet plunged into the kneeling man's face, into his breast, into his bowels, pulled out and plunged again.

Imagine that scene repeated ten thousand times in the same day; young boys in their teens lying gasping, suffering horrible agony, horses galloping over them, then left forgotten until night and the cold settle down upon them.

Imagine that strip of territory that they call "No Man's Land," the ground between two rows of trenches.

On "No Man's Land" men from both sides lie wounded. They cannot crawl to shelter. And their comrades dare not help them—for to go into that land means death.

As they lie one bullet after another strikes them until one, luckily, brings death.

At night some of them are heard moaning, especially those completely helpless, at whose open wounds the rats are gnawing.

This country, Heaven be thanked, did not begin the war. We are free from responsibility. For this we may be thankful.

There are three things that the nation has to do. The first is to help in all possible ways, if there be any possible way, to bring about peace.

Every effort should be made to prove our neutrality, so that we may be acceptable to all of those involved as mediators when the time comes.

It is to our own interest, as it is to the interest of all the world, to have the fighting stop, to have this harvester give up its work, at the earliest possible moment—and on any terms that may be possible.

Our second duty is to calculate, if we can, what the war will cost us, what its after effects will be, and to prepare for the trouble that is coming.

We shall pay our part; we must not forget that. And the people of Europe are the customers of America—and when the customers are ruined the merchant does not thrive.

All the peoples of Europe when this war ends

will be eagerly looking for an opportunity to work, to eat, to live, on any terms.

You remember that just before this war began the United States made foolish changes in the tariff, dangerous and thoughtless.

Immediately this country began to drift into hard times. Our manufacturers were discouraged, men were out of work. We were on the brink of a great precipice. Then came the war; the foreign countries had no goods to ship to us, even if we had had NO tariff at all, and temporarily and artificially we were saved from the consequences of our own economic folly.

But it will be a different story when the war is over.

Then everything that they have in Europe will be for sale. Like the half-starved farmer who sells his cream and eggs and lives on skimmed milk and salt pork, Europe will offer to part with everything.

This will be the one place with money to buy. We shall probably have to deal also with a great influx of immigration, men and women fleeing from ruined countries and unbearable taxation.

To welcome those new comers, as we or our ancestors were welcomed when they arrived, is our duty. But to protect those here against unbearable competition from abroad is also our duty.

The third, the most important and the IMMEDIATE task, is to prepare this country for DEFENSE, so that the big machine now rolling over all Europe may not start on its travels in our country.

We know what has happened to the countries that were not defended—to Belgium and to Poland. They relied upon the good will of other countries, upon promises or treaties.

They know now, and we know, that you can rely upon nothing except means of defence that frighten attack.

We need no great standing army, for that is against the spirit of our institutions, and it is made unnecessary by our geographical position. But we do need men, boys and youths trained so that in time of need they can be made into soldiers on a week's notice.

And we need, always ready, a navy that will make any foreign enemy think twice, and then give up any hostile plan.

We have learned what the flying machine means, and this nation should have ready to meet any incoming fleet such a swarm of flying machines carrying dynamite as would blacken the sky above the approaching fleet.

We know by Germany's marvellous achievements what can be done with the submarine. We have here the original submarine makers. This country should have a fleet of submarines, guarding every great port, ready on a moment's notice to meet hostile ships fifty miles out at sea.

Battleships, cruisers, torpedo boat destroyers—these we should have as a matter of common sense and of absolute necessity. And these WE SHALL HAVE if those in office will permit the people to spend their money as they want to.

The work of this country as we see it now is threefold:

To prepare ourselves against the disaster that has overtaken all of Europe.

To work with singleness of purpose to promote peace, encouraging every peaceful sign, making ourselves useful as mediators.

And to prepare our country against the possible disastrous effects that this war is bound to have upon the whole world—and especially upon our industry and commerce, if we leave ourselves in our present defenceless state as regards tariff.

We have serious matters to think of, but our lot is fortunate indeed compared with the lot of Europe.

Think of those unfortunate countries where girls are urged to marry before they are fifteen years old that they may begin in their childhood to repopulate the devastated earth.

Think of the horrible fact that men of science are calmly discussing the possibility of starting great "human breeding farms" where scientifically, as with animals, the problem of producing men and women, big in body, and as many as possible, shall be carried on AS A BUSINESS.

Olive Schreiner speaks of an ancient custom which was, on his wedding day, for a man to wish "that he might become the father of twenty sons and twenty daughters." That wish might come back again, from the heads of government at least, after this brutal slaughtering of men.

Of all horrible features of the war, the most horrible of all is that it had no excuse, EXCEPT JEALOUSY, GREED, DESIRE FOR MONEY AND LAND.

There was no international wrong to be righted, no oppressor to be driven from his throne.

There was enough room, enough wealth and enough happiness in the world for all.

But one wanted what the other had, one hated the other because of religion or business success. And stupid men, controlled by brutal rulers, pulled the levers that started this harvester of death on its journey.

May this country at least learn the lesson!



Night and day, on week days and on Sunday, this machine works. The harvest has changed, but the harvester works on. It cuts down men instead of grain, piles up the millions of dead bodies, and fills the hospitals with the wounded. It uses up thousands upon thousands of millions of dollars. It destroys commerce, wipes out agriculture and industry. It is a curse upon mankind, a disaster such as this earth has never seen. The end of the harvesting is not in sight. The machine goes ahead, the millions of men march up to the knives to be cut. The human race is drunk with blood and murder, and Death is the only gainer. In all the history of the world, our age will remain the blackest forever, for we have not the excuse of ignorance. We know what we are doing, and deserve no pity.

How One Person's Vision or Delusion Becomes Epidemic and Spreads Into a Wide Popular Hallucination in a Time of Great Public Excitement.

Professor of Experimental Psychology, New York University

When the mind is put in this condition illusion and hallucination find fertile soil. After the first blast of emotional excitement a wel-

Throughout all the city, for the space of almost forty days, there were seen horsemen running in the air, in cloth of gold and armed with lances, like a band of soldiers. And troops of horsemen in array, encountering and running one against the other, with shaking of shields and multitudes of pikes, and clashing of swords, and casting of darts, and clattering of golden armor, and harvest of all sorts. These apparitions are said to have preceded the plundering of the temple of Jerusalem in Antiochus, and Josephus also narrates the portents of the same kind appeared before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. Perhaps these and similar cases might be referred

So we as we can have a collective or popular life with no intent to fraud. Frank Moore, in his book, "Apparitions and Transference" (page 207), says: "Until recently the tendency of even well-instructed opinion has been to regard a sensory hallucination as necessarily implying some physical or mental disorder." But now, says Moore, and goes on to explain, that an hallucination is simply a hypertrophied thought—a last member of a series, whose intermediate terms are to be found in the mind's eye of the ordinary life, in which the vivid images which some artists can summon at will, are in the faces in the dark which many persons

If we still have traces of a primal sensitivity in common with the amoeba, primate, emotional conditions may bring it to function from an individual phantom or illusion into common objectivity.

The psychology of the mob we are just beginning to understand. We know that the mob emotions are of hate, patriotism, religion, can be set through a mob into motion by a current of electricity through a copper wire. It is just possible that we can by another process visualize an illusion or an hallucination? Out of the mias of war lies cannot gather some material which will help us preach Hericourt's primal sensitivities?

And now begin the hour of expiation of
leak error

Thus encouraged by her own success and
the world's thoughtlessness, this power,
many, has grown and grown and grown—
one day she persuaded herself she could
suddenly on her frightened admirers and cr
terial with victory

When the danger became manifest the s
awoke from its stupor and forged the ch
of a formidable protective alliance, each

All the errors we have committed we have forgotten our too long obsequiousness to man power and culture, as well as the instant impatience which wasted itself trying to secure mastery of Tripoli in the German fashion while it was still protected by the sanctity of international law, saying, "Necessity knows no law."

Italy will be greater in a better Europe, created henceforth from that servile admixture of numbers, of quantity, of power which has been the great aim of our generation.

"This War Is Unlike Any of the Other Wars
Born in All Countries in All Centuries
Between Two States of Conflict of Political
and Economic Interests."

The Famous Italian Historian.

And now begins the hour of expiation of this long error

Thus encouraged by her own success and by the world's thoughtlessness, this power, Germany, has grown and grown and grown—until one day she persuaded herself she could fall suddenly on her frightened admirers and crowd herself with victory

When the danger became manifest the world awoke from its stupor and forged the chains of a formidable protective alliance, each link

All the errors we have committed will be forgotten, our too long obsequiousness to German power and culture, as well as the impatient impulse which wasted itself trying to secure mastery of Tripoli in the German fashion while it was still protected by the sanctity of international law, saying, "Necessity knows no law."

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we still have traces of a primal sensitive-ness in common with the amoeba, primal emotional conditions may bring it to function on an individual phantom or illusion into a common objectivity.

The psychology of the mob we are just beginning to understand. We know that communal emotions of hate, patriotism, resentment can be sent through a mob as fast as about a current of electricity through a copper wire. Is it just possible that we can by another process visualize an illusion or an hallucination? Out of the mias of war lies cannot we gather some material which will help us approach Hericourt's primal sensitive-ness?

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The New Adventures of Gus Wallingford

Written by
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
The Famous Creator of Wallingford

Adapted for Pathe Motion Pictures by
CHARLES W. GODDARD
Author of "The Perils of Pauline," "The Misleading Lady," Etc.

"All You've Got to Do," Said Onion Jones, "Is Pick a Good Boob, with \$50,000, That'll Buy You Out Just Before the Pinch Comes."

From the Oil Painting by C. E. CHAMBERS, the Famous Artist Whose Wonderful Illustrations Have Made Famous Types of the Wallingford Stories.

Adventure No. 6 "A Trap for Trapp"

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FOUR round eyes stared wistfully through the wide plate-glass window and two noses peered over the glass. The blue eyes were entirely surrounded, from hair to collar, by freckles, the brown eyes were set in an oval face of good features, except for the lobeless ears, which ran down on a tangent to the cheeks. The blue eyes were so filled with an enthusiasm that even the surrounding freckles seemed to glow; the brown eyes were calculatingly thoughtful.

"Those Blackies might buy it for us," hopefully speculated Todd Jessup, his freckles seeming to dance. He could not have been over if the window had been full of pie.

"Nobody would," thoughtfully decided the young nephew of J. Rufus Wallingford. There was a long silence in which both boys projected their very noses through the windowpane plate glass. "Let's go in and look at it," and Jimmy led the way quite deliberately.

"What the use," grumbled Todd, but he followed.

A small man came forward immediately and bowed. He was rather plump and bald in front, so that his large nose seemed to be a sort of handle to that part of his face which led above the eyebrows.

"Hello, boys," he greeted them with the cordiality due to the protégés of good customers. The wallflowering Mr. Wallingford had just opened an account.

"How fast can she go?" inquired Todd, his stiff, dark hair almost quivering.

"Jewetty," and Louis Trapp held the back of one stubby hand in the other palm while he studied the two boys, appreciating "that the smoothest-running engine on the market."

The two boys, who had been adopted by Wallingford and Blackie law bent on the car on appreciative glances. It was an extremely low, carapace-plated runabout, most obviously built for speed, and the designer had meant it absolutely for two boys, one freckled and one rather plump.

The two beautiful Warden sisters and Blackie Daw laughed at that, then Blackie rose and leaned against the rail, crossing his spindly legs and turning his back mustache.

"I'll have to give up the fifty thousand he stole from the Warden estate just the same," and Blackie eyed down into the sparkling blue eyes of Violet. "Louis is summer six on the list and was a nobody; I've got the plans of your father's fortune, and Louis will have to be crossed off. Well, look who's here!"

Wallingford glanced down toward the gate through which came a man so bald-headed that a deer-skinning lampshade had once been on his head for so long. He had one constant habit for so long. He had one constant habit for so long. He had one constant habit for so long.

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Fascinating Character of
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It Portrayed in Motion Pictures by the
Pathe Players, Directed by Leo Whar-
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Wallingford smiled, and wrote an order for the tires; then he returned to the business proposition of Mr. W. D. Jones.

"I can remember when you'd take a chance," he said, with a sideways look at Blackie.

"That's just it," responded Mr. Jones. "I took 'em all, and there ain't any chances left. Kew alone I put in at two stretch, cracking rocks in a striped suit, twelve years ago, I get nervous when I'm in a small room. That's why I came to you smart guys to put in a few fancy laws. How about it, Jim? You go at it this way."

"Not me," interrupted Blackie; "you!"

"Gimme a chance," growled the Onion. "As fast as the house send their money in you use it to pay off the ones that sent it in before, Jim, but you."

"Not me," interrupted Wallingford; "you!"

"Then the post office authorities came around with a bang, and pass you the fifties of Five-Hundred and Twenty-five-cent-bills."

"You're a new born," he rejoined, surveying, with admiration the recent work of the Warden sisters. "Miss Violet said that we might as well get one when we went for the tires, so please give me an order."

Only a slight trace of annoyance on the round, pink face of Wallingford, as he wrote the order and passed it to Jimmy, whom the "killer" was a plain order, went on Onion.

"You're a new born," he rejoined, surveying, with admiration the recent work of the Warden sisters. "Miss Violet said that we might as well get one when we went for the tires, so please give me an order."

"Not me," interrupted Blackie; "you!"

"Wait a minute," begged Onion.

"You snare out a fourth for yourself; you pay for your first books with two-fourths; and with the other fourth—listen—your pyramid's best!"

"Oh, joy!" yelled Blackie. "Then you run a lottery with the wheel of a gas, and give a pound of pork for the capital prize."

Todd Jessup and young Jimmy came stamping in with their arms full of auto accessories which had been pointed to him by the gleeful Warden orphan.

"Found a lot of things we need," explained Jimmy eagerly. "We're going to take some of them down to be repaired, but a lot of them we'll have to buy new. The girls said you'd better just give us an order for anything we want."

"That's right, Jim, be a sport," grinned Blackie. "Why weren't you in the first place?"

"Who's running this ranch?" inquired Wallingford with a trace of curiosity, and writing the order in a hurry, he gave it to young Jimmy; whereupon the boys dashed out of the door, dropping half their broken accessories as they ran.

Onion Jones finished his highball. He took a cigarette from the box on the table and lit it; then he started in earnest, and spent a solid three-quarters of an hour in explaining the intricacies of his new scheme.

"But here's the best part of it," he finished triumphantly. "I've saved this for the last. All you've got to do is pick a good boob, with fifty thousand dollars, that'll buy you out just before the pinch comes. Of course, then, you go to frame some way that the boob can't pass it back to you. That's where I fall down. I can't frame three boys and a girl. That's where you come in, J. Rufus."

"J. Rufus lit a fat black cigar.

"Not me," he calmly and finally stated, "whereupon Onion Jones, concealing his mischievous with a now felt hat, cursed profoundly, and walked out into the air."

"You missed a clever, girl," explained Blackie, as Violet and Pannie came into the library, with the pink of excitement in their cheeks and the sparkle of mischief in their eyes. "Onion Jones has a great scheme to do his days in Sing Sing, and all he needs is an investor from Mattawan. He—"

It was like the approach of a high-speed locomotive, and it gathered in volume and intensity like the scream of a skyrocket. Blackie turned to the window and his mouth dropped.

For the Lord's sake!" he yelled, and the girls knuckled over two chairs in getting to him. They had a sudden attack of fright. Onion Jones was just passing out through the carapace-plated door, and he was laughing to purchase these cars, suddenly

Continued on Next Page.

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CITY LIFE SECTION OF THE BOSTON Sunday American

Do Giggling Girls Win? Scientists Say Beware of 'Em They Lead You Astray

By T. E. POWERS, the Famous Cartoonist

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Coming East Chicago and the Chicagoans

Chicago, Very Ill.

ONE good thing about Kansas City—there may be others, but they don't flash on the screen of our Machiavellian memory right now—is that it's the great continental divide for paper money. We offered up a fervent prayer in that town when we planked down an X case bill and didn't get a heavy weight champion coin of the realm and a brood of chicken fodder in return. They gave us real bills, nice old musty brown, green laden bills, which we hadn't seen since sailing from Philadelphia, and we jammed them in our jeans with gusto, supremely happy in the thought that no more leaks would break through our pockets. The train running out of Kansas City was of queer texture. It seemed to have a car attached belonging to about every railroad in the West—like a bunch of snuffies going back to a general round up in Chi. (We might also add in parentheses that Chicago is called by those who care, Chicago, and not Chicahago.) They're just as particular about that as are the roast folks about saying "Saf-lee-o."

Well, as we have been a long time saying, our train was some medley, and worth while looking over, for Chi was fifteen hours away. Up ahead was a car full of concentrated essence of cabbage smoke and a ragen of sheet brown puns, villainous looking as any picture that ever sailed the Spanish Main.

We went to the front of the car and turned around to give 'em the twin "o's," or, we might say, we stood there waiting for them to throw knives at us. A broad looking fat man was the only Caucasian who had dared sit in with these hickbenders. We stooped over and asked him what variety of emulства they were.

He opened one eye and looked up at us sourly, saying, "Don't know." But we appealed to the sporting instincts which his brows dirty and diamond horseshoes betrayed, and prodded him again with, "Well, what would you bet they were?"

"Greasers," he said, continuing his nap, though he would have been interested had we offered to argue the matter.

We felt that we could agree with the decision, for here were as fine a bunch of Villa villains as ever crossed the border. Half Indian, half Spanish, a combination of the ten most treacherous races not quite distinct as yet, they looked completely worthy of a kidnapping. Buddy could have done wonders with a eyeful of that bunch. They had straight black hair, sultry faces, gleaming eyes, and we'd bank on there being many a dick concealed in their curious belts. One lady (rumored a gilder, whose back was shaped from an armadillo shell, while others bending over the instrument and leaning across from the next seat hummed a few droning bars of an El Dorado song.

We returned from the fuzzy car, grumbling to ourselves that Mexico should be discontinued.

A car further back was full of tourists, returning from the fair. It was a "tourist" car, too, the kind with wicker seats noted for their ability to keep one sliding. The night was well along and the time-honored payers graft in their town—some Missouri blight whose name we failed to achieve. The license from this compartment wended its way through each upper and lower berth behind it, but the barometric effect was not palatial.

A good way to learn something of American history is to live in Chi, where the streets are named after the Presidents. At present there is no Bryan street, and they say if the worst happens he won't see get an ally to his memory.

We went straight to the best hotel, which, as in Kansas City, is the furthest from the station, had a jolly good (priced) breakfast there, then registered—at a rooming house across the street. On the same principle, yanno, we don't quite live on Fifth avenue, but we're often seen walking up it. A guy is known by the neighborhood he keeps, as long as nobody gets at the real truth.

A little friend, in the afternoon, took to gasolining up the boulevard along Lake Michigan. On the way we passed a park where rich kids were taking lessons in the fine art of playing. They were dressed in with wire netting like a chicken coop, and by actual count there were two nuns per kid. Poor kids stood outside the netting and made faces at the rich kids. And the poor ones looked all if they ate dirt and enjoyed it, while the wealthy ones looked as if they ate nothing and were proud of being so dainty. Another way of painting this picture would be to say that the rich ones were spoiled and the poor ones soiled.

It was a clear day, and we could see across to the north shore of the lake to Indiana, but for all the inspiration we drew from Indiana the place might just as well have been called Jersey. The Chicagoans have been crowding the lake back a little to make more suburban homes—republican rights instead of riparian.

Nearly all the shopping centers in Chi look like Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street was before the great emigration started up town. But the air is painted black instead of green. Michigan avenue we caught late in the afternoon, when those walking along look more Fifth avenue than at any other time. There's only one wide sidewalk, for the other side we could walk right down the edge of the lake were it not for the nice little freight yard of the Illinois Central R. R. settling along there. (President of I. C. R. R., please write.)

But, of course, it's natural for railroads to dote on water-fronts. Oh, we know about the Hudson River!

But the air is painted black instead of green. Michigan avenue we caught late in the afternoon, when those walking along look more Fifth avenue than at any other time. There's only one wide sidewalk, for the other side we could walk right down the edge of the lake were it not for the nice little freight yard of the Illinois Central R. R. settling along there. (President of I. C. R. R., please write.)

Well, a great many people have questioned whether we're over soon, but we know about the Hudson River!

"Will You Love Me When You See Me in the Morning?"—By Hank

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A LOVE-SICK guy was on his knees upon the parlor floor. He told his girl the old, old wheeze that she had heard before: But when he asked her "yes" or "no" and waited with a sigh He nearly fainted when she sprang this most unique reply:

Will you love me when you see me in the morning.
At dawning, when I'm yawning?
For my "sun-kissed golden hair"
Will be hanging on a chair,
I only think it fair to give you warning:
I confess that I look different in the morning—
That's a way we modern ladies have, I fear—
For my shape at which you look
Will be hanging on a hook
When you see me in the morning, dear.

Her words roused up his sympathy, but filled his heart with fear:
He wondered if she knew that he possessed a rubber car;
So he replied, "I'll marry you, but listen to me first,
For in exchange for what you've said I'll let you know the worst—

Will you love ME when you see ME in the morning.
At dawning, from the awning?
As I stagger up the stoop
With a voice that sounds like croup
Will I hear your words of reprimand and scolding?
I confess I often get home in the morning—
That's a way some modern husbands have, I fear,
Will you throw me down the key
If the clock says half-past three
When you see me in the morning, dear?



DEFEAT ASKED 'BACK HOME' FOR BARTARD VELLER

Successful Dramatization of Irvin
Cobb's Stories Presented
Many Obstacles.

When Bartard Veller first took upon himself the task of writing a drama from the Irvin Cobb stories of Irvin Cobb he gave himself a large order.

An all-arounder in the experience, know, the dramatization of a story is a very much more interesting task than the writing of a story. It is a task which the dramatist must undertake with a full knowledge of the character of the author and the character of the story. It is a task which the dramatist must undertake with a full knowledge of the character of the author and the character of the story.

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BOSS OF THE GRAD OPERA HOUSE

Rabinoff Artists and the Pavlova Ballet Russe in Extensive Repertoire

Some of the principal artists of the Rabinoff Grad Opera Company and the Pavlova Ballet Russe to be seen in Boston for a season of four weeks, opening November 15.

FELICE LYNE
"La Muta di Portici" and "L'Amore Dei Tre Re" to Be Presented Here.

TAMAKI MIURA - SOPRANO
"La Muta di Portici" and "L'Amore Dei Tre Re" to Be Presented Here.

DAVIDOVA
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MILIE DRAKE, THE DANCER TAKES HONORS LIGHTLY

Disclaims Originality and Says
"There Is Nothing New
Under the Spotlight"

Milie Drake, the greatest dancer that America has ever produced, is a thoroughly unassuming and modest young woman.

Although she has danced before the most exclusive society gatherings in America and Europe, has appeared at the premier ballroom in the grand opera, and has had in her audience the greatest heads of the old world and the new, she is not a dancer in the ordinary sense of the word. She is a dancer in the sense of the word.

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BAD DRAMA IS BAD AS TYPHOID, SAYS GRANVILLE BARKER

Points Out That a Good Play Can
Attack Almost Any
Problem.

The American National Theatre must have found itself. Granville Barker, whose production of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" is now being presented at the National Theatre, has found it.

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2 SONS OF JOHN CRAIG, THE ACTOR, NOW AT HARVARD

John, Jr., and Harmon Occupy
Rooms in New Freshman
Dormitories.

The Craig boys, Harmon and John, Jr., sons of Boston's famous actor, John Craig, are now at Harvard University, where they are occupying rooms in the new freshman dormitories.

John Craig, the famous actor, is now at Harvard University, where he is occupying rooms in the new freshman dormitories. John Craig, the famous actor, is now at Harvard University, where he is occupying rooms in the new freshman dormitories.

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MUSIC NOTES

George Copeland, that most admirable of musicians, will give a recital of the season in Jordan Hall next Tuesday evening, November 10.

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Chorus Library Now the Latest

A circulating library, which comprises more than 100 volumes, which additions are being made every day, is a new feature of the Chorus Library, which is now open to the public.

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Mme. Liszewska Here Next Week

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Symphony Hall Has Harold Bauer Today

The annual concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, which will be given in Symphony Hall this afternoon at 3 o'clock, will bring to the city the first time this season that admiral-pianist Harold Bauer will be seen in this city.

Harold Bauer, the famous pianist, will give a recital of the season in Symphony Hall this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Harold Bauer, the famous pianist, will give a recital of the season in Symphony Hall this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Experts to Tell How to Pack Apples

The annual week "School of Apple Packing" at the Massachusetts Agricultural College will be given this week, November 10 to 15.

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FRITZ KREISLER CONCERT

Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, will give a recital of the season in Jordan Hall next Tuesday evening, November 10.

IntimatePeeps at our American Beauties

No 6 "The Curl"
Posed Especially by
Miss Anita Stewart



Photos by the
Campbell Studios N.Y.



NEW DISCOVERIES ALL OVER THE EARTH

Science Finds the Real Reasons for Many LAME BACKS

By William Brady, M. D.

LAME BACK, lumbago, sciatica and so-called "kidney trouble" are common complaints which, in a surprisingly large number of cases, are due solely to a sprained or relaxed sacro-lumbar joint.

Until recent investigations established the fact that this joint, between the sacrum or base of the spine and the lumbar or hip bones, is subject to slight motion under certain conditions, it was supposed that sprain or strain never affected the sacro-lumbar joint.

The gentleman of Boston, Mr. Allen, of New York, and other physicians have shown that the sacro-lumbar articulation is not only subject to slight movement but sacro-lumbar joint is strained. And every bedridden patient more or less pale and disabled; and, further, that many of these cases of sacro-lumbar joint trouble have been diagnosed as lumbago, sciatica, "kidney trouble" and plain lame back and allowed to pursue their ordinary chronic course, with no proper treatment for the actual condition at fault.

How Backache is Caused.
Everyone who has been confined to bed for a lengthy period knows how tired the back becomes especially if one lies on the back habitually, or if the mattress or bed springs sag under the body. This is because the effect of strain or sprain which gives the patient knows how much comfort and relief a thorough rub or massage of the back by a muscular attendant gives. The explanation for this relief is simple. The relaxing tendency so much the relaxed, strained sacro-lumbar joint into position and to stimulate the muscles and ligaments to hold it there for a while.

People who work in a stooping posture suffer much from the strain of these joints, and thus instinctively realize the relief to be obtained by pressure over the joints or by the splint or plaster which help to support the joints or by belts worn low down over the hips and very tight around the body.

The low-backed stenographer's stool is an insidious

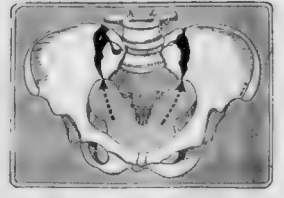
effort to prevent backache. But nine out of ten chairs, bookshelves, theatre seats, church pews and railway car seats favor the very posture which brings strain upon the sacro-lumbar joint, namely, a flat-backed, stoop-shouldered posture. The normal sitting posture which places the least strain upon the back, is one with a rounded forward arching of the spine of the back and a compensatory backward projection of the upper part of the back and the shoulder.

The erect, normal body, sitting or standing, is a perfectly balanced series of curves, a coiled spring. No action of the spring can be displaced without disturbing the position of the entire spring and bringing strain upon the supporting structures. Thus it is that bad posture which affects the sacro-lumbar joints often causes pain and fatigue to be felt down the legs or in the front of the body or high in the back, or even in the back of the neck.

Chairs and benches, instead of having cross-bars low down on the back, should have an upright bar or back which arches forward to touch the spine below the waist line and then backward to permit the shoulders and upper back to remain erect.

The average chair back is the reverse of this. It arches back ward below the waist line and forward at the upper part of the back, enforcing upon the occupant a stooped posture which cannot help straining the back. Street car seats, park benches and church pews may not be intended to give comfort and rest. At any rate, they keep the spinal muscles tight on the job every minute.

The rocking-chair is a big factor in causing backache and nervousness. Even when made with a good back a rocker encourages a



In This Diagram of the Pelvis the Arrows Indicate the Location of the Sacro-lumbar Joints, Which Cause "Cricks" in the Back and Other Painful Troubles When They Become Strained.

slouched posture and invites trouble. You can't sit in one and work it without slipping gradually down and collapsing.

A few typical instances from actual observation will illustrate how the sacro-lumbar joint is strained or sprained and show the best mode of treatment.

A healthy young woman working in a bakery leaned over to lift a heavy mass of dough from a trough up to a table. While bent over, lifting, she suddenly felt a severe "crick" in her back, low down. It was so severe that she was unable to move for a time and it made her quite faint. After a while she was taken home, where she managed to reach a straight chair. She sat there in a rigid, stooped posture, afraid to move.

The doctor who attended her found the muscles over the right sacro-lumbar joint contracted and standing out prominently. There was great tenderness over the joint and much pain when the patient was moved. However, as soon as the entire pelvis was stoutly girdled with a belt of strong adhesive plaster the patient was able to move about with considerable comfort. In a day or two she returned to her work, but continued to wear a sort of surcingle supporting belt to protect the joint from further strain.

Another instance was that of a man who was lacking in his automobile. Leaving forward to lift forcibly he experienced this same "crick" in the back, followed by severe stiffness, pain and disability. In his case the pain extended far down the back of the leg and was called "sciatica." After a week or two of continual suffering from his "sciatica" the man consulted a doctor, who recognized the signs of sacro-lumbar joint strain or sprain, strapped the pelvis and gave him immediate relief.

But these are severe strains of the joint and not so common as the minor strains which develop incidentally or with no definite period of onset. Slight strain or relaxation of the sacro-lumbar joints is exceedingly common in women—perhaps the most frequent direct factor of backache, no matter what general or pelvic conditions may predispose the woman to relaxed muscles. Girls and women are especially liable to strains of the joints at certain periods. But men also suffer from slight strains, though less frequently than women—chiefly, we think, because women weaken their back and spinal muscles by corset wearing.

Beds Favor Strains.

As already suggested, a bed that sags under the body favors strain of these joints. Lying on the back in a state of curling up on one or the other side to sleep also keeps the sacro-lumbar joints under a strain, unless they are very perfectly supported by good springs and mattress or other means.

Many persons who find their backs lame in the morning, or who experience sudden "cricks" on turning over in bed, will obtain great relief by wearing a small pillow or good sized pad under the small of the back, firmly bound in place by means of a few turns of bandage. This is an expedient way remembering when caring for an invalid who suffers from backache when confined to bed. A small pillow or similar support slipped behind the small of the back when sitting in a chair is also a wrinkle the victim of sacro-lumbar strain should remember.

There is no telling how many cases of the kind of "kidney trouble" that is diagnosed by the victim's complaint of pain in the back are in reality nothing but strains of these joints. With or without the intensified appearance of sediment in the kidney excretion, the backache attendant upon such strain, is or rather has been, attributed to kidney trouble on a sort of "almanno diagnosis" in thousands of instances when the kidneys were perfectly normal, whether the sacro-lumbar joints were at fault or not.

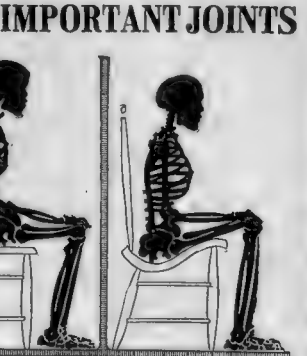
Backache, contrary to popular theory, is almost never a symptom of real kidney trouble—excepting stone, abscess or tumor of the kidney. To take pills or to diet for a fancied kidney trouble which is actually a muscle strain is certainly absurd, yet it is the conventional thing to do.

One of the tests of sacro-lumbar strain is the fact that considerable relief is obtained by wearing a wide (five inch) surcingle or belt about the pelvis, well down over the hips, as tightly buckled as possible. It must have several straps and buckles—three at least—and be made of strong material which gives firm support without stretching. In a case which is doubtful it is well to have the pelvis strapped with adhesive plaster by the doctor before investing in such a belt.



Diagram Showing How Some Corsets Press a Woman's Sacro-lumbar Joints Out of Place and Thus Strain the Sacro-lumbar Joints.

On the Left, a Chair Which Injures Your Sacro-lumbar Joints Every Time You Sit in It. On the Right, the Style of Chair Which Some Physicians Recommend as Being the Most Restful and Healthful Not Only for the Sacro-lumbar Joints, But for the Whole Body.



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Probably many of the leg pains which children have at night—"growing pains" as they are called—are due to fatigue and relaxation of the sacro-lumbar joints. At any rate, it is interesting to note that the most effective treatment for such cases is not rubbing the legs themselves but turning the child over and giving the lower back a good massage with the palm of the hand, slow, circular strokes, under pressure, outward from the spine over the hips. Either alcohol or talcum powder or some simple oil to lubricate the skin and avoid friction of the skin should be used when rubbing anyone's back.

In testing a patient for mobility or strain of the sacro-lumbar joint the physician places the patient upon a couch or table and stands behind the patient, who lies upon the side with hips and knees flexed. By grasping the point of the hip with one hand and pressing the palm of the other against the sacrum it is determined whether manipulation causes any motion or sharp pain in either sacro-lumbar joint. If mobility is pronounced it can be felt or seen by the examiner.

Now and then a sharp crack or snap is heard while making this test, and the patient experiences remarkable relief from the backache or "sciatica" afterward. It is believed that this signifies a sudden reduction of a slight dislocation of the joint. At any rate, this is not an unusual incident in severe, disabling cases of sacro-lumbar trouble when the patient is exercised and an effort made to manipulate the affected joint.

In women, the corset has much to do with sacro-lumbar trouble. Some corsets favor the development of strain and others tend to prevent it or relieve it. Of course, the muscles of the back, spine and pelvis as well as those of the abdominal wall would be much stronger and offer much better support to the body than any artificial support if corsets were never worn.

The Harm Some Corsets Do.

The notion that corsets "mould" or preserve a girl's figure is not so obsolete as it used to be. Nevertheless, mothers still adhere to the harmful custom of putting corsets on girls at an arbitrary age, although the corset is well known to be the very factor which brings on the deposit of fat about the abdomen and hips of women at thirty or more years.

When you split a group of muscles, taking away in whole or in part, their function is lost. They undergo gradual atrophy, accompanied by the deposit of fat. Of course, there are other causes of fat deposits—for men sometimes exhibit the same tendency—but the corset is unquestionably the principal one.

So far as sacro-lumbar strain and posture in general is concerned the corset that snugly binds the spine, fits snugly about the lower back and pelvis, but loosely over the upper abdomen and stomach, and is low and long in front and high in the back, is best. Corsets fitting close over the stomach are bound to produce a slouched posture, with relaxation of the whole trunk as well as with shallow breathing and sunken chest.

THEIR OWN HAIR Often What MAKES DOGS ILL

DOG BREEDER and veterinarians have lately been a good deal puzzled by severe cases of indigestion which attacked dogs with no apparent cause, and in a number of instances cost the lives of valuable thoroughbreds.

It is now being found out that the trouble is due to bits of hair which the dogs have licked from their own coats and swallowed. A few hairs would do a dog no harm, but when a number of them collect in a hard mass in the stomach or intestines there are bound to be serious complications.

Breeders are beginning to realize that this irritating habit is one of the most expediting and persistent of which dogs have to be kept. To life are due the constantly recurring attacks of indigestion from which the animals suffer and which make medication necessary every week or so.

It has been found that after bathing dogs,

If one neglects to thoroughly rub and brush the fur dry, the dog licks himself for some time after his bath in a natural attempt to wipe his coat. The dead hairs which have been loosened by the action of the strong soap and water catch on the dog's tongue and gradually work down his throat until he swallows them. Instead of passing through the digestive tract like most other foreign substances, the hairs catch in the mucous membrane lining and collect in lumps of congealed saliva, refusing to move up or down the passage.

In many cases it has been necessary to operate on dogs for acute digestive disorders. Instead of finding some piece of sharp bone perforating the walls of the stomach or bowels as was expected, several balls of dead hairs the size of an egg have been found.

To prevent this common illness in dogs, breeders now advise that after his bath the

dog should be rubbed as dry as possible with a coarse towel. This should be followed by a brisk brushing and combing of the fur to remove all the loose hairs possible. The soap used in the bath should be as unpleasant to the taste and smell as can be found to prevent the dog from licking process which the dog enjoys so much.

Needless faithful brushing, and to make doubly sure that the dog's digestion is not hindered by accumulation of splinters of bones or hairs from his own hide. It is well to give a small dose of sulphur or bicarbonate twice a month. This should be given in about a half teaspoonful to a dose and is best administered by mixing the powder with butter and spreading on a piece of bread or cornflake.

Many of the unexplainable ailments of pet dogs are due to nothing more or less than their own hairs and with a little care this can be avoided.

How Frogs Are HUGGED to DEATH by GIANT BUGS

THEIR worst enemy, it has lately been ascertained, is the water bug. This is not the same kind of bug which, as everyone knows and dread, but a larger species which inhabits the tropical waters of both North and South America.

This water bug is one of the largest aquatic insects. It is a giant by comparison with other bugs, but it is much smaller than any of the frogs on which it preys. Yet it is so large in fact that it is sure death for

the frog that gets within its grasp. The two principal joints of the forelegs fold down one another, and the stoutness of these two has a groove along its front to receive the sharp inner edge of the next joint, much as the blade of a pocketknife folds down.

In the ponds and swamps of the waters, these giant bugs hide, among stones and rubbish, from which they dart rapidly to attack passing frogs and occasionally fishes. The victim is clasped by the bug's forelegs

and the deadly bank between its two compound eyes is plunged deep into the flesh.

This is not a case of taking toll merely of the victim's blood, as is the case of many other sucking insects. It is speedily followed by the death of the bug's victim. This appears to be due to a copious supply of fluid from around the base of the bug, which finds its way into the puncture.

Professor Loeb has traced this to a pair of glands in the head of the giant water bug. Their secretion produces death very quickly.



The Remarkable Photograph Made by a Naturalist of a Frog in the Deadly Grasp of a Giant Water Bug.

Why the BRAIN WORKER SHOULD EAT PLENTY OF MEAT

IT is usually believed that the man who does heavy physical labor requires more meat than the brain-worker. As a matter of fact there are numerous cases where the man who earns his living with his brain must eat more meat if he is to keep his vitality than the man who "labors in the sweat of his brow."

It has been found that the adult human body uses an average of not less than 100 grams of albumen per day. As soon as less is consumed the organism begins to draw on its own supply of the albumen with which every living thing is endowed. A few excellent persons can do along slowly with less than this quota, but almost everybody consuming less than 100 grams a day, is faced with slow starvation unless the deficit is wiped out.

Albumen is not consumed in its pure form, but is taken into the system along with other food values. Meat is 20 per cent albumen, and lean meat contains very few other food values. Vegetables contain a much smaller proportion, and what they contain is consumed with an overwhelmingly big proportion of carbohydrates. In

view of the large quantity of albumen contained in the flour, there is an immoderate proportion of starchy food.

Scientific measures the energy which the human machine is capable of developing in the same manner as the energy produced and capable of being expended by any other machine. The unit used for so measuring is called a calory.

The ratio between the albumen consumed by the human body and the number of calories produced by the food consumed is of the utmost importance. In order to eat the necessary 100 grams of albumen, a person subsisting on an exclusive bread diet would have to eat as much bread that 4,500 calories of energy would be the outcome. Similarly, an exclusive diet of potatoes furnishing 100 grams of albumen would produce 5,000 calories. In an exclusive meat diet 100 grams of albumen would be represented by the same number of calories.

A man leading a sedentary life and doing no muscular work at all requires about 3,200 calories of energy a day. But a man doing heavy muscular work must have from four to five thousand calories to expend per day.

Mainly the man doing the physical work can subsist very comfortably on a diet of bread, potatoes and vegetables, because the two prime necessities for his manner of life are abundantly supplied by them—enough albumen and enough calories.

But the brain-worker, who needs only 3,200 calories a day, would, if he ate enough vegetable food to produce his needed 3,200 calories, receive only about fifty grams of albumen, or half the quantity required by the adult organism. If he ate enough vegetable food to produce the needed 100 grams of albumen, the excess calories would lead to grave disturbances of the digestion.

There are other excellent reasons why brain-workers should eat much more meat than those who toil with their muscles.

Formerly, when men lived next to or over their shops or offices, five meals a day were the rule. Now that is different. An early breakfast is followed by a light lunch of milk and crackers or milk and rice five or six hours later, and a heavy dinner closes the day five or six or seven hours after that. This means that there is a very

long interval between the two substantial meals of the day.

The man who eats meat for breakfast eats a satisfying breakfast, not only because of the albuminous value of the meat, but because meat requires an extremely long time to be digested. Pork requires from four to five hours before it is thoroughly digested, mutton and beef a little less time. We feel hunger only when our stomachs are empty, and the brain-worker who eats a chop or a steak for breakfast is safe guarding against the pangs of hunger in case his lunch is late.

Formerly, also, we ate foods in their natural form. Now, through vegetables and milk we obtain sugar and butter, neither of which contains any albumen; and as a large portion of our needed number of calories is obtained from precisely these two foods, it is necessary in order to balance our diet to eat some food, like meat, which is particularly rich in albumen.

Sugar and butter are consumed in enormous quantities in the cities. As sugar retards the digestion, it serves the same purpose as "staying off the hour" when hunger will reappear

A Bride for Every Wounded British Soldier



"Christ or Diana?" by Edwin Long, R. A.

"The Englishwoman Who Devotes Her Life to Nursing a Crippled Soldier Is Inspired by the Same Spirit as the Early Christian Maiden Who Chose Martyrdom Under the Roman Tyrants for the Sake of Her Faith."

English Maidens Flocking to Join the Rev. Mr. Houghton's "League for Marrying Broken Heroes" in the Same Spirit of Self-Immolation That Women Have Shown From Time Immemorial



Marriage of Private Charles Sherwood, of the Canadian Contingent, Who Had Been Wounded in the Head.

weeks ago was filled with health, enthusiasm and youthful spirits and now finds himself condemned to a life of helplessness, perhaps blinded, simply because he obeyed the highest call of patriotism and humanity. The ordeal that lies ahead of such a man during a lonely life is cruel enough to make him doubt the existence of divine justice.

"The only way in which such a man's life can be brightened is by a happy marriage. To make the hero feel that he has not sacrificed his health in vain, to make him realize that justice, after all, does rule the world is the duty and the privilege of the patriotic Englishwoman. She who thus saves a hero from gloom and despair is herself as truly a heroine as the man who has given his life or his health on the battlefield."

The latter continues at great length to urge this duty upon Englishwomen, frequently rising to considerable eloquence, but at the same time using an abundance of innumerable arguments.

Are women afraid that the burden of living with a crippled man will prove greater than human patience and good-will can bear? But, says the lecturer, many marriages of this kind in France have already proved happier than ordinary marriages. In France, where the number of wounded is much greater than in England, many soldiers crippled during the early weeks of the war have enjoyed upward of a year of married life with wives who married them in order to take care of them.

Then unions are reported to have been remarkably happy. It is explained that the moral motives which lead persons to contract such marriages are so high that they are, to a great extent, a guarantee of future happiness.

Rev. Mr. Houghton's plan of operation is this: He secures the name of a woman willing to sacrifice, immolate

or devote herself, together with particulars as to her age, appearance and general capabilities. Then he selects a crippled soldier, whose injuries appear to call for the type of partner in question. A soldier who has been crippled so that he cannot walk, needs a strong wife who can carry him or push him about in a roller-chair.

A soldier whose health has been wrecked by asphyxiating gas would feel cheered up by a pretty wife. A blinded soldier, on the other hand, would not care so much about the appearance of his wife, but might appreciate a good cook.

Mr. Houghton promises strict secrecy as to the identity of the women prepared to immolate themselves until the arrangements for their marriage are complete. It would, of course, make a woman ridiculous to advertise her as desiring to obtain a husband, no matter how badly crippled. On the other hand when she stands at the altar with a husband who is so crippled that she must help to carry him there, or perhaps, blinded so that she

must lead him there, everybody realizes what a sacrifice she is making. Many such marriages are taking place, as all the copies of the English Illustrated papers prove. There is a good reason for the performance of these marriages with due ceremony and full publicity. The spectacle encourages other women to take the only step that can save the crippled hero from despair.

The rush of Englishwomen to join the league has undoubtedly been astonishing. The English remark that many of them are "old maids" who are seizing an opportunity to secure a husband which would not have come to them in peaceful times, but there is no reason to doubt that the majority of the leaguers are inspired by unselfish patriotism and the womanly instinct of self-sacrifice.

In spite of the Rev. Mr. Houghton's warnings concerning the happiness of such marriages there is every reason to believe that in many cases they must prove a real martyrdom for the women. The man who finds himself facing years of poverty and helplessness



Wedding of a Wounded English Officer, Captain Lechmere, Who Hobbled to the Altar With Two Sticks.

it, the widows evade the law and helped to make secret arrangements for burning themselves. This is certainly a remarkable illustration of how deeply the instinct of self-sacrifice becomes ingrained in the female nature.

The ancient Babylonians were accustomed to sacrifice young maidens to the Moon god, in order to obtain abundant rains and crops. The girls were left tied to a rock where the river would rise and drown them by the light of the moon. The ancient carvings indicate that they accepted this terrible fate with resignation, believing that it was natural that they should give their lives to secure food for their people.

The Greek legend tells us that the Athenians were accustomed to send an annual tribute of seven maidens and seven youths to be devoured by the Cretan Minotaur. While the customary form of the legend makes it appear that this tribute was enforced by a Cretan King, there is reason to believe that it really represents a voluntary sacrifice to a primitive divinity.

As civilization progressed, female sacrifice tended to acquire a higher and more varied form. There is a striking, as told as "Christ or Diana," which decides in a single day when persecution rages, many, although as may be in the Roman Empire, before ordaining the three or in the impious world, which were available. He has self from being been defiled, connected with exaltation of, finally.

Some fifty brides, and his trial must be fully double that number. "It was a coarse, skill and determination to attack his bride as a profession make him a tremendous menace to society, and I fear, fairly hope he will be called this time for a 10 x visit."



"The Maiden Tribute to the Minotaur." by Auguste Gendron. "In All Ages Women Have Been Sacrificed to Appease an Angry Divinity or to Save Men From the Consequences of Their Sins," a Principle Illustrated by the Strange Legend of the Minotaur."

To Perpetuate English Peerages the War Has Wiped Out

Funeral of Captain W. C. G. Gladstone, at Hawarden Castle, Once the Home of His Grandfather, England's Most Famous Statesman, Which Will Now Pass to One of Another Name, Because the Young Heir Was Killed at the Dardanelles.

Interesting Plan to Make Daughters Heiresses to Distinguished Titles Like That of Baron Ribblesdale, Whose Sons Have All Been Killed in War

THE British House of Lords has suffered to such an enormous extent in the war that it is seriously in danger of extinction. The deaths have already been reported of 560 peers, heirs to peerages and members of titled families. Of the 618 members of the House there is said to be not one who has not lost a son or other near relative.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Con servative leader of the House, described the situation correctly when he said: "The House of Lords has become a House of Mourning."

One remarkable consequence of this wholesale slaughter is that many titles will become extinct and many famous English castles and stately homes will cease to be as they have belonged for generations. In most cases they will pass to daughters or more distant relatives of the last owner through the female line.

It is impossible to catalogue all the noblemen and members of titled families who have fallen. Besides, the list is being increased by new names daily. A few conspicuous instances will prove to what an extent the ownership of historic estates has been changed by the war.

The Marquis of Lincolnshire has lost his only son, Viscount Vandon, and has no other male heir. He is the owner of historic Gray House, in North Wales, which his family acquired through marriage with the last heiress of the very ancient Welsh family of Wynh. This place is famous in early Welsh legend, and the name "Gwynedd" to say, means in Welsh "House of the Blundells." The Marquisate will now become extinct and the estate will pass to daughters.

Lord Ribblesdale, now an old man, has lost his two sons and has no brothers or other male heirs to inherit, which will therefore become extinct. He is the owner of Burnham Park, Yorkshire, a beautiful estate, which has been in the possession of the family—the family of Lord Ribblesdale—for centuries. Now it will cease to be associated with the name.

Lord Waterman has had his only son sent back from the war. He is the owner of Bradford Hall, in Devonshire, a house and estate which have been in his family for over 400 years.

Lord Stamfordham, private secretary to King George V, has lost his only son, Captain J. N. Buge. He will probably become extinct, as his present wife died and he remarried again, and his seat, Duntun Hall, near York, noted for its stables, will cease to be connected with his name.

Lord Knarborough has lost his only son, Captain Claude Meyers Thompson. He has a great noble house and was a particular friend of the late King Edward. He has a magnificent country estate, Kirby Hall, near York, noted for its stables. There is no one of his name to which this place can pass.

There are only four conspicuous cases out of a list that apparently will count scores of names before the war is over.

There is one case of a particularly interesting character, although no one as a result of the famous statesman, Gladstone. He lost his eldest son, Thomas Lister, a few

years ago, fighting in Someland, and now he has lost his only male heir, the Hon. Charles Lister, in the Dardanelles campaign. Lord Ribblesdale, who belongs to a very ancient Yorkshire family, combines aristocracy of manners and appearance with democratic ideas. He is a liberal in politics and has been associated with many public spirited movements. He is known among his friends as "the Ancestor" because he looks the ideal aristocrat, a peculiarity not to be noticed in all noblemen.

He was at one time considered the best amateur boxer in England and some surprise is felt that his aristocratic, very aquiline nose, was never married to this sport.

Much sympathy is felt for this turquoise sporting peer on account of the great tragedies that have fallen upon him in his old age. He has a beautiful daughter, very popular in society formerly the Hon. Mrs. Lister, who was married about a year ago to Percy Wyndham, a young officer of great promise. He was killed early in the present war, leaving his widow with a little son, born after the war began.

Percy Mrs. Wyndham, who is only twenty-two, is therefore a heiress to a peerage. It has been given to a famous general or statesman without sons, a "special remainder" has been added to the patent, making the title descend to a daughter or collateral relation. This was done in the case of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, neither of whom had sons when their titles were created. In the case of Lord Roberts the special remainder was to his daughter

and in that of Lord Kitchener to his brothers. When the title passes by special remainder to a daughter it descends through the male line after her death.

In the case of peers or heirs to peerages, who have been killed in this war, it is proposed to make a special remainder to a daughter in order to preserve and honor a title which has gained unusual distinction because its possessor has given his life for his country. It is interesting to note that in most of the cases mentioned above of peerages threatened with extinction the title would be saved by a daughter, a daughter to inherit it, as in the case of Lord Ribblesdale, the most popular peer in England. He lost his eldest son, Thomas Lister, a few

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Viscount Powerscourt, an English Peer, with Great Estates, Who is Now Risking His Life in the Dardanelles.



tion of the title given for the most famous British victory of earlier generations.

It is certain that British peers and members of British noble families have shed their blood in this terrible war with the most unflinching courage and whole-hearted patriotism.

Had housing tends to increase the tax burdens of a community by requiring larger expenditures for remedial services, which, if otherwise eliminated, the lack of proper cleanliness and decency in the exterior and interior of houses tends to reduce the self-respect of the occupants.

Notes how eagerly the family which has even slightly improved its financial standing seeks buildings with more attractive exteriors and better decorated rooms. It will also be found that as families descend in the social scale, one of the poorest most keenly felt is the necessity for the occupancy of quarters, which are whose general appearance indicates that they are occupied by the miserably poor.

It may be said, therefore, that there is no place of human existence in society which the housing question does not touch. There is no form of vice, crime, debility or stultification which bad housing does not tend to nurture. "Keeping up appearances" is often desired, and deserves much of the reproach cast upon it when it assumes unwarranted extravagance to maintain a position which is no more than a pretense, but none the poor it is an over-estimate to say that the maintenance of self-respect and is to be encouraged rather than derided.

Why a Cheap Home May Make You a Cheap Man

DURING one of his campaigns for the Presidency the late Benjamin Harrison uttered an aphorism which made him the target of much criticism. He said: "A cheap coat makes a cheap man," and this statement, which was intended to epitomize his views on the practical tariff, was twisted into meaning that people whose clothes were cheap were purchasable.

This was not true, says John J. Murphy, New York City's Tenthmost House Commissioner, and it would be no more true that bad housing made bad citizens under all circumstances. But, next to an inadequate and unwholesome food supply, poor housing does stand as the most deleterious element in our civic life. Sanitary research shows how important is the reaction of adequate light and ventilation on the health, stamina and moral character of individuals. Bad housing furnishes the fruitful nurseries of disease, crime and sin, while at the same time creates conditions which prevent the better use of resistance to their incursions.

There can be no question that the three great scourges of mankind—disease, poverty and crime—are in a large measure due to bad housing in its broadest sense. Intemperance in many of its most dangerous forms may be traced to the fact that so many citizens are obliged to live in homes in which they can take neither pride nor comfort and which make the seven years' itch inevitable by contrast. Bad housing is especially detrimental in its consequences to the children reared under its influence in many cases the evil never eradicated. A environment can never be eradicated.

The need for the erection of in

Lord Ribblesdale's Daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, Whom It is Proposed to Make Heiress to Her Father's Peerage, Which Would Otherwise Become Extinct.

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The Earl of Granard, Who Married Miss Beatrice Mills, Granddaughter of the American Multimillionaire, D. O. Mills, Photographed in the Dardanelles Trenches.

lost her young husband and two brothers within a short time. It is suggested that she be made the successor to her father's title, with the idea that it will pass to her little son.

The Marquis of Lincolnshire's experience bears some extraordinary points of resemblance to the last. He is a great landowner, who has always been noted for his liberal ideas, having sold small allotments of land to hundreds of his tenants for almost nothing. He is Irish, a member of the House of Commons, and has been a trusted personal adviser of Queen Victoria.

Five successive daughters were born to him and his wife and they despaired of having a son to inherit the title, when after nearly twenty years of married life, the long-awaited heir was born. Now this young son, known as Viscount Wexford, the heir to many broad estates, the hope of an ancient family has been killed in his teens.

Strange to say, the Marquis of Lincolnshire has just lost his daughter, a young daughter, with a baby whose father has been killed in the war. Lady Victoria Kitchener was the fifth daughter of the Marquis of Lincolnshire and a few

married about a year ago to Captain Maurice Legge-Bourke, who has just been killed in the war. In her case also it is proposed that she should be made heiress to her father's title and that it should eventually pass to her little son, whose father died for his country.

Two of the other peers mentioned as having lost their only sons, Lord Waterman and Lord Knarborough, also have daughters. Hundreds of members of titled families, as already stated, have lost their lives in the war. While they have not all left their families without a male heir, as in the cases specified, their deaths make the extinction of the title at some time in the future more probable than it would otherwise have been. The length of life of a peerage must be more or less related to the number of persons eligible to inherit it.

Many of the ducal families have lost heavily in the war. The Duke of Devonshire, who in point of wealth, ancestry and influence is one of the first of his class, has lost his youngest and favorite brother, Major Lord Cavendish. The Devonshire estates are enormous and the family possesses five extinc-

*Raymond Beck, the Choir Boy, Who Has
Been the Despair of the Police Since He
Was Eleven Years Old and Now, at
Eighteen, Is the Most Persistent and
Dangerous Burglar in New York*

Although his offense was regarded more as a boyish prank than a crime, the Judge did not suspend sentence at once, but paroled the boy in the custody of his parents, and it was not until some six

Shields, he admitted that he had robbed two other houses in the neighborhood during the week, and stated that he had pawned part of the jewelry and buried the remainder.

On October 26, 1912, Detective Cavanaugh, who had arrested Beck the last time, observed a

him except, by a run-
ingly, the big detective
became a cripple, pul-
over his eyes, turned
collar, stooped his
and hobbled, apparently
toward the fire-hydrant

On October 9 he was caught while coming out of the house at No. 789 Macon street. John Merkt, one of the tenants, thought there was something suspicious about the lad, and asked him what he was doing.

"There are many things which have always distinguished his work and which have made him so successful in his chosen field. In the first place, ever since his first mis-

"Beck's courage, skill and determination to stick to burglary as a profession make him a tremendous menace to society, and I certainly hope he will be 'settled' this time for a long while."

Why Scientists Now Mythical Monster



Perseus Slaying the Snake-Haired Medusa—An Episode of an Early Greek Myth That Refers to Many Curious Monsters
(From the Painting by E. Kaempfer)

THE patient experiments of a number of biologists have now led to the astonishing conclusion that the mythical monsters of antiquity, which we once regarded simply as evidence of the credulity of the ancients, may, in many cases have really existed.

Indeed, we have scientific proof that such monsters as Cerberus, the two-headed dog, who guarded the gate of Hades; the Cyclops, the one-eyed giant who attacked Ulysses and many of the fabulous dragons with which ancient literature abounds, could have been produced by natural conditions.

Science has created many monsters as remarkable as any of these though not apparently as large as they are reputed to have been. It has produced creatures with two, three and four heads or one body and many other monstrous combinations. These monstrosities have been produced in some cases by changing the environment in which the eggs were hatched, and in others by grafting two or more eggs together.

The causation of monsters by changes in the surrounding medium is perhaps more interesting and important, because it proves how the ancient legendary monsters may have arisen from natural conditions.

The latest American scientist to attract attention by his experiments in the production of monsters is Professor A. J. Goldfarb, who holds the chair of biology in the College of the City of New York. Professor Jacques Loeb, the distinguished author of "The Mechanistic Conception of Life" and other works, is, of course, noted for his work along the same line, but Professor Goldfarb has given a new popular interest to the subject by showing that these modern experiments confirm the ancient myths.

Professor Goldfarb recently exhibited some remarkable pictures of double-headed and other monstrous sea-urchins which he had raised, before a meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences. These monstrosities were produced by placing the sea-urchin's artificially fertilized eggs in sea water to which was added a solution of sodium chloride. The whole solution was "hypotonic," meaning "less than tonic." That is to say, it was different from the normal salt water, in which the eggs would have hatched. This had the effect of changing "the osmotic pressure" of the medium surrounding the egg and thus producing internal changes in it.

In the abnormal medium the eggs become increasingly gelatinous and fused together. The result was usually a monster with fused bodies. Many different types of monsters were produced. The result varied according to the changes in the salty medium. The age of the eggs when exposed to abnormal conditions, and other factors. In his written report Professor Goldfarb says:

"Only fusions of two eggs developed into the full platymer or larval stage. When more than two eggs were fused together they invariably died before reaching this stage.

"The fused larvae were kept alive for fourteen days without undergoing any material change except a small reduction in size.

"These fused larvae may be grouped as follows: 1. Fused bodies of separate and complete skeletons and gills; several types.

2. Fused bodies with separate and complete skeletons, gills fused

together. 3. Fused bodies, fused skeletons, gills fused or not fused; several types. 4. Fused bodies, fused skeletons, one gut, two eyes.

"The fused larvae may be equal, complete and perfect, both in Archaic and Tertiary periods (two varieties of sea-urchins). More frequently only one larva is normal, while the other is modified in various ways. This modified larva may be smaller than its partner, or, lacking in one or more of its parts, it may be malformed in one or more of its parts, or accessory growths may still further render it atypical."

In discussing his latest exhibition of monstrosities at the Academy of Sciences, Professor Goldfarb admitted that they furnished a scientific basis for the legendary monsters, and that this aspect of the matter was of great human interest.

"You must understand," said Professor Goldfarb, "that I am seeking out so much to produce strange monstrosities as to explain the laws by which they are produced. We have known for some time that these monsters are possible. What we do not understand is how they are caused. That is why I examined thousands of sea-urchin's eggs, recording the difference in the environment in which they are placed and the final result."

"The sea-urchin is an animal, and the natural biological laws that govern its development are the same as in the case of any other animal, or a man, for that matter. If I can find all the laws that cause a sea-urchin to grow with two heads on one body I shall have made a step in the direction of finding out what causes a two-headed calf or a pair of Siamese twins to grow. "I use sea-urchin's eggs because this animal is free from certain disturbing factors that any other creature. Experiments by Professor Loeb and others have shown that similar abnormalities can be produced in higher types of animals."

"We have shown that it is a change in the salt solution surrounding a sea-urchin's egg that causes a monstrous development. Now, the germ of every animal is bathed in a salt solution. The human blood is largely composed of a salt solution containing sodium chloride. Before you are born you are bathed in a salt solution. In fact, the environment of a human germ, as biologists long ago pointed out, is very similar to that of a sea animal."

"It is permissible to infer from these experiments that a change from the normal in the salt solution surrounding the germ is responsible for the two-headed calf or the Siamese twins, or some of the monsters that figure in ancient legends. It is a problem of the nutrition of the egg."

"One of the by-products of this line of research may be the prevention of monstrosities among human beings. You would probably be surprised to know how frequent these are. There is not a hospital museum without a considerable number of them, some of them quite frightful. The occurrence of such monstrosities is evidently a tragedy. If we understood the laws that govern their production, that would be a step on the way to preventing them. For instance, if a tendency to such abnormalities were known to exist in a family, medicine might guard against such an occurrence. It might be possible to correct the blood of the mother so as to check the abnormal development."

"It is a curious fact that in some cases where sea-urchin's eggs

have begun to develop in an abnormal way they have changed back to the normal. This suggests that monstrous growths might be checked in higher animals and men, even where the process had started."

"Certainly these experiments may explain the existence of many monsters that excited the wonder of primitive people and formed the subjects of our oldest myths and legends. It is rather outside the province of the biologist to speculate on such matters. We only deal with the facts as they are, and the facts are that the matter is undoubtedly of general interest."

"There is really nothing more monstrous in the two-headed Cerberus than in the two-headed calf which is sometimes exhibited at our country fairs. I doubt if the Larrea hydra that confronted Hercules looked any more terrifying than a long-armed jellyfish I have seen in the West Indies."

"When we have the original form of a legend about a monster or dragon, I think it is very likely to have a basis of fact, for the primitive peoples were very keen observers of nature. We must remember, however, that the stories have often passed through the hands of one ancient literary man after another, and that they, working with feverish enthusiasm in their scholarly retreats, have, in many cases, added imaginative embellishments of their own."

"Evidently there are some ancient legends about strange creatures for which science has not yet furnished any explanation. We have as yet no reason to believe that there were ever Centaurs that were half man and half horse, or a Medusa with snakes for hair, or harpies that had bodies of birds and the heads of women. The legends of the sirens and other fabulous sea creatures may have had their origin in the dolphins, or perhaps the seals, and some abnormality in these creatures may have helped to increase the awe-inspiring impression on some early traveler."

"As the harpies are said to have been disgusting birds, it sounds as if the early traveler had had an unpleasant experience with some cultures. There is undoubtedly a tendency to exaggerate surprising or abnormal appearances. A student of mine assured me glibly that he had seen a chicken with a dog's head. When I pressed him for particulars he said that he had not seen it, but his father had. Finally I induced him to show me the creature. It was a chicken with a growth on its head, making it much larger than the normal, and a curiously knotted beak. It was not much like a chicken, but neither was it much like a dog."

"So we come to the conclusion that while many of the mythological monsters were no more extraordinary than those we have proved to exist, yet we cannot believe that they were all as legends have depicted them."

Professor Goldfarb is not the only scientist who has furnished evidence that the monsters of mythology really had an existence. Dr. Charles H. Rockard, one of the best known of American biologists, has caused one-eyed fish to develop by modifying the salts in the water in which the eggs were hatched. The experiments naturally aroused the idea that they might explain how the Cyclops, the one-eyed monster who figured so frequently in Greek mythology, came into existence.

In the Journal of Experimental Zoology, a leading scientific publication, Dr. Rockard described a series of experiments in which he subjected the embryos of many fish to the influence of magnesium salts dissolved in sea water. A large percentage of the embryos treated in this way were found to possess only one eye, situated in the middle of the head, instead in the ordinary pair. These embryos hatched out and swam about in a perfectly normal manner, and the single eye is evidently fully functional. The mouth is displaced toward the stomach and gives rise to a proboscis-like structure. The abnormality was present in varying degrees in different cases, ranging from embryos in which the eyes were merely unusually close together, through the typical Cyclopsian condition to others in which no eye at all was developed.

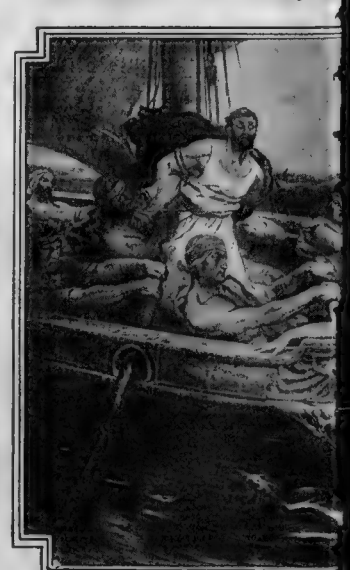
A type of monster with one perfect asymmetrical eye and the other eye of the normal pair either reduced or absent was also frequently met with during the experiments. The investigator and other scientific authorities suggest that these experiments indicate that the monstrous Cyclops of legend may have been

produced by environment during development. In other words, they suggest that the ancestors of Polyphemus and the other Cyclopes took an overdose of magnesium salts in their nourishment or some other substance which has the same effect on human beings as magnesium on fish.

Why the presence of magnesium salts should cause abnormal eye development is a mystery of biology which is as yet unsolved.

It is a significant fact that in the ancient legends of many lands there are persistent stories of Cyclopes, or one-eyed monsters. Not only in the Greek mythology are they mentioned. In the story of Sinbad the Sailor in the Arabian Nights there is a highly circumstantial account of a giant who was "as tall as a palm tree and perfectly black, and had one eye, which flamed like a burning coal in the middle of his forehead."

The most familiar narrative concerning the Cyclops comes from Homer's "Odyssey" and is one of the most exciting stories



Ulysses Tempted by the Songs of the Sirens—Hallucinatory
(From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner)

Believe that Many Really Existed



Biological Monster Whose Causation Is Now Explained by Modern Science.
(Rocklin)

Producing Strange Monsters Which—Headed Cerberus, the One-Headed Centaur and the Terrifying Legends of All Ages

One of the great works of early literature, Homer tells us that Ulysses on his way back from Troy to Ithaca landed at a certain spot in Ithaca because he was very much in need of provisions. He and his men carried with them a jar of wine for a present to the natives. They came to a great cave, which they entered and found it filled with cheese, milk, lambs, kids and other supplies. Ulysses, who was the only one of the Greeks who remained, was suddenly Polyphemus, the giant monster of the cave, returned, and with one huge eye in the center of his forehead and was covered all over with hair. He closed the cave with a great rock and Ulysses and his men could not move.

When the Greeks politely asked him for supplies he seized them, dashed their brains out and devoured them. The next morning he treated two more of them in the same way. Then he was out of the cave and closed it with a rock, as before. While the Cyclops was away Ulysses planned to get revenge on his slain companions and escape from the monster. He and

his followers sharpened the end of a young tree which the Cyclops used as a staff. When the giant returned in the evening he devoured two more Greeks for supper.

Ulysses offered him the jar of wine. Polyphemus swallowed it at a gulp with much pleasure and promised Ulysses that he would eat him last as a great mark of favor. He asked Ulysses his name, to which the crafty Greek, without hesitation, replied, "My name is Noman."

After supper, when the giant had gone to sleep, Ulysses and four companions made the end of the stake red hot. Then they drove it deep into the eye of the monster. He belched for help to the neighboring Cyclopes. They asked who was hurting him and he replied, "Noman." Then his friends said they could not help him.

In the morning Polyphemus rolled the rock from his cave door, but stood there to catch the Greeks if they tried to escape. The crafty Ulysses had instructed his companions to tie the Cyclops' hands three abreast. Each man was then to conceal himself under the middle sheep, and in that way get out of the cave. The blind Cyclops felt the backs and sides of the sheep, but omitted to examine underneath. In this ingenious manner Ulysses and his companions safely escaped.

It is surely adds to our interest in the work of early literature to find from experiments in New York that the Cyclops might trace his solitary eye to an unusual prenatal environment of salt solution, while, of course, his great size would be attributable to other natural causes explained by science.

Professor Jacques Loeb, long associated with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, has shed considerable light on the causation of monsters by his experiments. Professor Loeb first excited popular interest by his remarkable work in artificially fertilizing the eggs of sea urchins, frogs, fish and other animals. He showed that this fertilization could be brought about in certain cases by simply puncturing the egg, in others by adding some acid, such as butyric acid, to its surrounding medium, and in others by changing the character of the salt solution surrounding it. These experiments seemed to show that an egg could be fertilized without the intervention of any male element. They formed part of the collection of observations which the learned scientist based his theory of a mechanical origin of all life.

Professor Loeb has published a theory of the origin of human twins. These, in the view of scientists, partake of the nature of monstrosities, although there is nothing terrifying about them. "The mechanism of the origin of twins, as the result of altering the composition of the sea-water, is revealed by observation of the first segmentation of the egg (of the sea urchin) in these solutions," writes Professor Loeb. "This cell-division is modified in a way which leads to a separation of the first two cells. If the egg is afterward transferred into normal sea-water each of these two cells develops into an independent embryo. Since normal sea-water contains all three metals—sodium, calcium and potassium—and, since it has besides an alkaline reaction, we perceive the reason why twins are not normally produced from one egg. These experiments suggest the possibility of a chemical cause for the origin of twins from one egg, or of double monstrosities in mammals. If, for some reason, the liquids which surround the human embryo a short time before and after the first cell-division are slightly acid, and at the same time lacking in one of the three important metals, the conditions for the separation of the first two cells and the formation of identical twins are provided."

Professor Loeb also points out that by an artificial change of its normal position during the period of growth an animal may be made to grow organs of an entirely different form from the natural one. This evidently has an important bearing on the causation of monstrosities.

There is the method of causing monsters by the division of the egg. Professor Roux, the noted biologist of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, produced some remarkable monstrosities by splitting the eggs of frogs and other creatures.

He split the frog's egg along the furrow that divides it and placed the parts in a specially prepared albuminous fluid. Then



Centaur Playing with a Nymph—An Illustration of a Legend That Science Thinks Was Based on Mistaken Observation
(From the Painting by G. Giacomotti)

came the astounding discovery that not only were these disintegrated cells alive in all their parts, but that they could apparently show conscious intelligence and discrimination.

One cell travels, sometimes sinking, then joining another cell, then slipping by another and releasing its hold. It touches a third and fourth cell, as if seeking, trying to find, choosing, pushing away, almost as if it were not just a furrow cell, but a conscious creature with likes and dislikes. At last it finds and wedges it was found that sometimes the cells did not find their right mates. Then monsters ensued. This was another characteristic. So monsters were made to analyze the activity. An egg was divided, and then only the head cell of another egg placed with it.

The single head cell sinks—where it likes best. The united cells grow. There begins to form a tadpole, an embryo of the frog, but with two growing heads! A third cell—three heads! Or three or two body cells are united with the split cell of one egg. There is then a creature of three bodies and one head! So was created the three-headed frog. When the stranger cells betrayed a disinclination to coalesce they were amenable to force. Head cells can grow anywhere. So can tail and body cells. Weird, abnormal forms have been created, not through desire to tamper with nature, but to test the extent of this adaptability of the cell.

There was the cell's desire for growth; there was the opportunity to grow. The cells took it. This independence of growth of the parts Roux calls "self-differentiation," the building up of embryos from a number of the part he calls "mosaic work." The cells developed normally. That is, a frog with three heads had three active, working heads, six eyes, three lingers, three brains. So the salamander; so the other forms of life experimented with. Three bodies upon the one creature were each one active.

The experiment of growing one frog from two eggs was also tried by Professor Roux. It was successful. It was found that two eggs could be amalgamated to form one gigantic creature. A frog bred thus from two eggs was a trifle larger than twice the size of the frog from which each of the eggs came. Three eggs produced a creature proportionately larger. Out of a dozen eggs a truly monstrous frog more than two feet high was formed. It would seem that the gianting process is indefinite.

Equally remarkable were the experiments of Barfurth and Torulier, who discovered a method of artificially causing the growth of additional fingers on amphibians, frogs and water lilies. The same phenomenon occurs frequently in human beings. This was accomplished simply by splitting the flesh of the embryonic finger and keeping it open. The cells thought that the partition was natural, and that they must develop into fingers. The hand developed on its left forward extremity three artificial fingers produced in this way. In the same manner double tails were formed.

One of the practical applications of all this is to ascertain the cause of all malformations of the body, and how and by what operations they may be overcome; later how, in the treatment of the embryo, they may be averted. Mechanical evolution has been the most brilliant scientific minds of the day. It is the youngest child of science, and it may be the means of regenerating the race!

But, though we see that some mythological monsters were probably caused by unusual conditions surrounding the egg, we must not forget that very terrifying races of extinct animals once existed. The megalosaurus and other members of the dinosaur family and the pterodactyl, or winged reptile, must have been quite as terrifying as any of the dragons of legend. There is no evidence that dinosaurs survived into the age of man, but there is no doubt that many extinct monsters lingered on earth until the days of our earliest ancestors.

The megalosaurus was a creature fully as terrible as the dragon, with which St. George did battle. It stood up on its hind legs, and geologists tell us it swallowed large animals whole.

The lower jaw of a megalosaurus is twelve inches long, with a row of nine teeth, or sockets for teeth. The structure of the teeth leaves no doubt as to the carnivorous habits of the creature. With a length of perhaps thirty feet, capable of free and rapid movement on land, with strong hind limbs, short head, with long, pointed teeth and formidable claws to its feet, the megalosaurus must have been without a rival among the carnivorous reptiles of old.

The dragon figures in the earliest legends of the human race and continues to exercise credulity down to the middle ages, and perhaps later. Philology teaches that there must have been a basis of reality for this persistent belief.

Pegasus rescuing Andromeda from the dragon is the most heroic figure of Greek mythology celebrated by Homer and others. Pegasus flew with the winged feet of Mercury in the country of the Etruscans, of which Cephæus was king. Cassiopeia, his queen, proud of her beauty, had dared to compare herself to the sea nymphs, which round their indignation to such a degree that they sent a prodigious sea-monster to ravage the coast. To appease the deities Cephæus was directed by the oracle to expose his daughter, Andromeda, to be devoured by the monster.

The unfortunate maiden was accordingly chained to a rock, and the awful monster drew near to devour her. Pegasus leaped upon the monster, and after a terrible combat succeeded in killing it by thrusting his sword into the soft places between the scales. Medusa, according to Greek mythology, was once a beautiful maiden whose hair was her chief glory, but as she dared to vie in beauty with Minerva, the goddess deprived her of her charms and changed her beautiful ringlets into hissing serpents. She became a cruel monster of so frightful an aspect that no living thing could behold her without being turned into stone. Pegasus went forth to hunt for Medusa and slay her. Making himself invisible by means of Pluto's shield, he entered the cave of the Gorgon, these terrible sisters, who had only one eye between them. He intercepted this eye and returned it only when they directed him to Medusa's cave.

He found Medusa asleep, and, taking care not to look at her, which would have turned him to stone, but, guided by her image reflected in his shield, he cut off her head.

Our observations on the other queer beings and monsters of mythology may prove instructive. The Sirens were sea nymphs, who had the power of charming by their song all who heard them, so that unhappy mariners were irresistibly impelled to cast themselves into the sea and be drowned. The sorcerer Circe advised Ulysses to have his seamen's ears filled with wax and to be bound himself to the mast when he passed the country of the Sirens. He did so, and when he heard the songs of the Sirens wafted across the water he struggled desperately to be free, but his seamen would not unbind him.

The Centaurs were an ancient race, inhabiting Mount Pelion in Thessaly. They were half horse and half man. It has been suggested that, as the Thessalians were great horsemen and the early Greeks were not, the latter thought that men and beast formed one animal.

Legend That Has Been Explained by the Work of Storms
(H. S. Draper, R. A.)

Mightiest of All Fighting Ships



Our New Big Battle-ship "California" and Why It Is Different from Any Other War Vessel Ever Designed

HUNDREDS of expert mechanics at the Brooklyn Navy Yard are now working on the new big battleship California, the keel of which was laid down a few weeks ago. This new monster of the sea will cost approximately \$15,000,000, which is more money than was ever put into a single ship before, and when she is finished, three years hence, she will have no match in any navy in the world. This latest creation of the naval experts will possess some features never before employed in battleship construction.

The most important and radical change in the use of electricity, as the propulsive power. This new departure will secure greater efficiency in many directions. It will mean a saving in weight and space. It will bring economy in the use of fuel, and it will afford more convenient methods of operation.

The convenience of operation is due to the fact that electrical machinery is adapted to give two economical speeds, and it also makes for ease and quickness in starting or reversing the propellers. With the electrical motor any speed in either direction is obtained by a simple movement of the hand of a controller. No time is lost in signalling the "astern" or in operating clumsy levers.

Due to the installation of the electric drive, the California will have a cruising radius about 50 per cent greater than her sister ships at cruising speed. The consumption of electric drive and oil fuel will enable her at 20 knots speed to steam for nine days longer than a coal burning dreadnought, and during that time she can cruise more than 2,000 miles further. In other words, the California will be able to steam nearly twice as far as the Wyoming or Arkansas.

She will have practically duplicate main engines, as either of her generators will give her a speed of nineteen knots. The all-around flexibility and maneuvering qualities will be greatly improved, and in particular her backing power will be superior to that of any other ship in her class. The latter is an important military feature, and is not obtained in any efficient degree when ordinary reciprocating or turbine engines are used, because of the limitations of space and weight imposed in the design of the ship.

The electrical equipment consists of two 12,000 kilowatt, or 18,000-horsepower alternating generators, each placed on its own shaft. The electricity will be furnished by oil-burning turbine engines. For operating at high speeds, as when pursuing an enemy, each turbine generator will drive two propeller motors, and all the machinery will be working at full power. But when cruising at moderate

speeds, about sixteen knots or so, only one turbine will be used, the other one being shut down. This will allow for a considerable saving in fuel.

Not only is the electrical system of drive more economical than the old methods heretofore in use, but it is also much cheaper to install. It also enables the ship to ride the sea with less vibration and more steadiness, an important matter when it comes to getting the range and firing the guns. The more steady the ship is the more accurate its fire.

The water-tube, oil-fired boilers of the California will be placed in heavily bulk headed rooms, extending clear across the ship. There will be but one smokestack, and its base will be protected by a heavy coating of inclined armor. This is a new idea in battleship design and is based on lessons learned from the battle of Tsushima, in which Russian ships suffered severely from shells which struck near the smokestack on the unprotected clumsy masts.

It is regarded now as an established fact that in future naval wars there will be a great deal of high-angle fire. Happenings in the present war show that considerable damage can be done by a ship which is too far off to accomplish any thing by shelling the armor protected sections of the enemy's ship. This damage is possible through the employment of high angle fire, throwing shells at the maximum range so that they will land on the deck and do more or less damage. This fact was borne in mind when the California was designed, and she will have a heavily armored deck to guard against the danger from high angle fire and bombs dropped by aeroplanes.

In addition to the deck protection against aeroplanes the California will be equipped with a number of so-called electric aeroline guns. These guns have been through a long series of experiments and are regarded as the most efficient ever produced. They use both solid shot and shrapnel, the latter being

two torpedoes exploding against the armor of the fifteen-inch calibre, which have been adopted by some of the other navies of the world. These four-inch guns have an accurate range of twelve miles, but in case of necessity, the California could stand sixteen miles off shore and throw her fourteen-inch shells into port.

The fourteen-inch guns on the California are fifty-three feet long and weigh about sixty-three tons. The weight of the projectile is 1,400 pounds. At a distance of 10,000 yards this projectile will penetrate over sixteen inches of armor. The projectile leaves the muzzle at a speed of 2,600 feet a second, a speed which if maintained would carry the shell around the world twice in twenty-four hours. The gun chamber will be bigger than two sugar barrels end to end, and in this chamber will be used the 435 pounds of smokeless powder required to discharge the shell.

The muzzle energy of these fourteen-inch guns is 65,000 foot tons. To put this in simpler form, assume that two ships as large as the Lusitania are placed on one end of a scale. The amount of energy used up in each discharge of the gun would, if applied to the other end of the scale, raise these two ships one foot high. To withstand such terrific strain, the chambers must necessarily have tremendous power of resistance. Every time the gun is fired they get a shock equivalent to the shock that would ensue if a heavy engine driving five Pullman cars, going at the rate of seventy miles an hour, suddenly came in contact with a stone wall.

The cost of each gun is figured at \$85,000. If all the guns on the California were discharged continuously for one hour they would consume powder and shell to the amount of \$1,000,000. Another radical change is in the type of bow. Heretofore all ships of all navies have been constructed with a ram bow. For all practical uses the ram

The Powerful New Super-Dreadnought "California," Now Under Construction at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, New York, Which Will Be the Most Formidable Battleship Afloat, and the First of the Electrically Propelled Fighting Monsters.

employed when the enemy aeroplane is within close range, it will be very difficult for an aeroplane to get near enough to the California to inflict any damage.

Special attention has been paid to the matter of a submarine and mines. A new kind of anti-torpedo bulkhead has been designed, with a view to localizing the effect of explosion either from mines or torpedoes. The shock from one or even

the elevation. In addition to this the placing of the three guns in one turret effects a considerable saving in weight.

The fourteen-inch guns which the California will mount are considered by expert ordnance authorities to be the best weapon of the kind in use or designed. Having extreme battle ranges and greater striking power than any naval gun now in use, they offer the distinct advantage of allowing the mounting of twelve of

bow was obsolete many years ago. It was first designed on the theory that a battleship would have to fight at close quarters, and would, if occasion offered, attempt to ram her opponent head on. But even while ships were being built with this obsolete style of bow, guns of increasing range were being developed and armor of greater resisting power was being put into use, so that the possibility of close sea fighting was rapidly being relegated to the background, at least for ships of larger size.

The California will return to the graceful yacht-like bow of the older clipper ship. Its profile, if it were not for her smokestack, masts and turrets, will closely resemble a large steam yacht, and to the layman this beauty of outline will give the impression that she is not as

along the same principles as those now in use, but will be smaller and easier to handle. A number of them will be carried on board at all times, so if one happens to be shot away there will be another to take its place.

Experiments are now being carried on with a view to devising a satisfactory submarine detector, and if a really reliable one is perfected it will be made a part of the California's equipment. Hydroplanes will henceforth play a prominent part in naval warfare, and will be a part of the regular fleet. The new battleship will have special apparatus for taking care of one or more hydroplanes.

The speed of the new dreadnought will be twenty-one knots, although in cases of emergency it is expected that she will do a little better than this. She is 600 feet long on the waterline, 824 feet in length on deck; her breadth is ninety-seven feet, her draft thirty feet. She will be provided with four submerged twenty-one inch torpedo tubes, located about a hundred feet from the bow, and her complement will consist of 1,665 officers and men.

An admirable feature of the California is the exceptional height at which her amidship battery of five-inch torpedo defense guns is carried. There are twenty-two of these guns, four mounted in casemates on the main deck forward, four in casemates on the gun deck aft, ten in a central battery on the forecastle or spar deck, and four at the corners of the boat deck above the central battery. This arrangement gives a concentration of eight five-inch guns forward and aft, and of eleven on each broadside.

The elevation of her guns will be the same as on our other ships—15 degrees elevation and 5 degrees depression. This is the same elevation used on all foreign ships, and it will permit of the high angle fire so successfully employed in the present war.

The biggest foreign warship in service is the Queen Elizabeth. She carries eight fifteen-inch guns, but her tonnage is 4,500 tons less than the California's. The latter's fourteen-inch guns will be able to pierce the Queen Elizabeth's heaviest armor at seven miles, and from their greater accuracy will be able to make 70 per cent more hits. Therefore in actual warfare the California would, shortly, easily destroy the famous British ship.

All in all, the California will be the very last word in battleship construction. The designers have utilized everything that experience has shown to be useful. The happenings of the present war have been carefully studied, and whatever lessons they brought out were made use of in designing the California.

It took less than three months to design this wonderful ship. Several departments of the Navy took a hand in working out the various details. It will take about three years to complete the California, although if necessary, she could be hurried along and finished in about two years. To accomplish this the workmen would have to be increased in number and kept busy twenty-four hours a day, instead of eight, as at present!



Out of Sight Below the Ocean Horizon the "California" Could Destroy New York City in Half an Hour with Long-Range Shells Which Would Seem to Drop From the Sky.

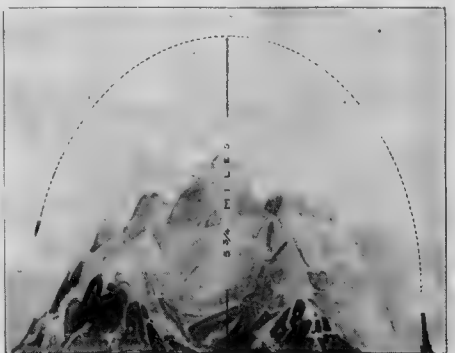
formidable as her more warlike appearing sisters in the fleet.

The reason for the change in bow has nothing to do with the fighting ability of the ship. The clipper bow, with its long forward overhang, offers advantages in the matter of handling the ship's anchors. It gives them a clearance not possible with the ram-shaped bow. Further than that it is expected to be of advantage to the ship in heavy weather, for the faring bow and ade are calculated to keep her deck drier in a heavy sea than the bow of the ram type. Several foreign navies have recently begun to modify the ram-shaped bow, but none has gone to the length of this country in completely abandoning it.

A new form of range finder will be installed on the California. It will be



One Broadside From All the "California's" Guns Would Be Equal to Throwing Six Touring Cars from Sandy Hook to New York.



The Shells from the Big Guns of the "California," Fired at Their Longest Range, Will Travel 5 1/2 Miles Up Into the Sky—Nearly Twice as High as Pike's Peak.

Dangers of Using Harmful Face Powders

Surprising Discoveries Which Resulted From An Analysis of Many "Rice Powders," and How They Produce Sore Eyes, Red Eye-Lids and Irritate the Nose

How It Irritates Your Nose

UPON arising in the morning the eyes will feel sticky, the tip of the nose will itch and often appear too ruddy.

A girl who lives a strictly temperate life frequently will be wrongly accused of evil habits. Many a girl has been unjustly thought of simply because she used impure face powder.

The swelling of the eyelids is not a symptom of any disease but due to the rubbing by which you have tried to relieve the irritation.

From the corners of the eyelids frequently will be found stringy stuff hanging or oozing. It appears and feels like mucus.

The same conditions are what produce a moist nose—a slight catarrh.—Dr. William Lee Howard.

What Many Face Powders Are Made Of

By Prof. Charles H. LaWall

(From a Report Made to the Pennsylvania Pharmaceutical Association.)

MY attention was first directed to the rice powder trade—for frauds they undoubtedly are—for a few years ago, when one of Philadelphia's most eminent physicians encountered some difficulty in connection with a diagnosis he was making, and in which he felt that the difficulty was due to the use of a face powder containing something other than the rice flour of which the user said it consisted. Examination showed the presence of zinc oxide, talc and corn starch, no rice being present at all, and further tests showed the disturbing factor in the diagnosis to have been the zinc oxide.

Some time ago I read a paragraph from "School Science and Mathematics." (Printed above on this page.) Although no further explanation is given of the identity of the crystals in that so-called rice powder, I have no hesitation in saying that from my own experience the crystals were undoubtedly those of talc, which is used almost universally in rice powders, and in which a microscopic examination usually shows the material to be in the form of broken crystalline fragments, very sharp angled and altogether capable of producing such symptoms as those described.

Composition of Fraudulent Powders.

In consequence of the foregoing experience with the so-called rice powder submitted by the Philadelphia physician I made an investigation of the composition of a number of the different kinds of rice powder sold in Philadelphia. Several of the samples were of purely local origin, many, however, being of national reputation and distribution. It may safely be assumed that the conditions found in Philadelphia could be duplicated anywhere in the United States.

The following is a statement of the results of the examination, together with information concerning the place of purchase, price and manner of labelling of each, and in some instances the results of correspondence with the seller whose attention had been called to the fraudulent character of the product. The names of brands are purposely withheld as being of no particular benefit, practically all of the samples standing upon the same level in the evident dishonesty attending their labelling and sale.

No. 1.—Much fresher and consequently much superior to the imported. Price, 25 cents for packages containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased in a large drug store. Analysis showed it to consist entirely of corn starch. Attention of the proprietors of the store was called to the dishonesty of the practice, and an immediate reply was received, stating that the product would be changed. That this was done was subsequently verified.

No. 2.—Claimed to be imported. Price 25 cents for packages containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased at the same store as No. 1. The same brand was also found for

sale at the same price in various other drug and department stores. Analysis showed this sample to consist of rice flour 50 per cent, zinc oxide 10 per cent, and talc 40 per cent.

No. 3.—Price, 20 cents for a package containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased in a department store. It purported to be manufactured in New York. The composition of this sample was corn starch 12 per cent, chalk 13 per cent, talc 70 per cent. A letter addressed to the firm selling the product was shortly after replied to by the manufacturer, who stated that the package in question had probably been put up by mistake and that, if it returned it, he would send me a package of rice powder. Six months later the same brand, adulterated in the same manner, was still on sale in the same store.

No. 4.—Price, 20 cents for a package containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased in a department store. It bore the label of a manufacturing company, but gave no address of place of manufacture. Analysis showed it to consist of corn starch 50 per cent, chalk 25 per cent, talc 25 per cent. A letter addressed to the firm selling this product, calling attention to its character, was replied to in a few days with the information that the matter would be immediately taken up and investigated. Six months later the same brand was still on sale with the same composition.

All Sorts of Deceptions.

No. 5.—Price, 50 cents for a package containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased in a department store and was claimed to be their own make. The composition was corn starch 17 per cent, talc 83 per cent. A letter addressed to this store was replied to by a request that I call upon the head of the particular department selling this product concerning the complaint. Upon my suggestion that I would prefer having the head of the department call upon me, nothing further was said. A few weeks later the packages on sale were noticed to have had the word "compound" added in small letters below the title. Upon asking the demonstrator whether the powder was pure rice powder she said "yes," and upon calling her attention to the word "compound" and asking what it meant she said it did not mean anything in particular, but had to be put on an account of the law.

No. 6.—Price, 15 cents for a package containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased in a department store and claimed to be from a manufacturer who made it especially for them. It bore a floral

What Makes Your Eyes Red

FOR several years occasional cases have come under the observation of oculists in which the patients, invariably women, complain of vision being blurred, inability to use the eyes for any length of time, and severe itching of the lids. The slightest rubbing of the lids produces a marked redness of the eyes and only aggravates the itching. In severe cases the lids are frequently swollen from constant rubbing. There is a sticky, elastic secretion which, when being removed, pulls out in long strings. Microscopic examination of the secretion reveals masses of what appear to be crystals. Until recently no satisfactory explanation of the presence of these crystals in the eye has been given. Secretions taken from the eyes of two sisters suffering from this peculiar complaint were submitted to the professor of pathology of one of the university medical schools, who found that the crystals came from rice face powder. Seven other patients in whom the same symptoms and microscopic conditions were found all used the same make of face powder.

When the powder is applied to the face with a puff, a portion of the fine dust is driven upward and lodges on the moist eyeball. The rice powder in the presence of the tears then becomes mucilaginous in character and is not washed from under the eyelids. The powder produces the irritation, which is aggravated by rubbing. Those who use a chamamois skin in applying the powder are less liable to cause the fine dust to arise, which probably prevents the condition not being found in every woman using face powder. The condition is quickly relieved by flushing the eye with boric acid solution. The irritation rapidly disappears when the eyes are kept washed out with a soothing eye-wash.

—From School Science and Mathematics, Chicago.



Face Powder Should Be Applied With a Chamamois Skin or Bit of Linen—Never With a Powder Puff.



If Your Eyes Are Inflamed from the Use of Face Powder, Wash Them Out With a Weak Solution of Boracic Acid and Water.

name. Analysis showed it to contain rice starch 25 per cent, zinc oxide 15 per cent, talc 60 per cent. Two separate letters brought no reply. Six months later the same brand was still upon sale of the same composition. No. 7.—Price, 10 cents for a package containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased in a drug store. It bore the name of a French manufacturer. The analysis showed rice 18 per cent, chalk 12 per cent, talc 70 per cent. No. 8.—Price, 25 cents. This was purchased in a drug store. It bore the name of a Western manufacturer. The composition was 75 per cent talc, 25 per cent zinc oxide.

No. 9.—Price, 25 cents for a package containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased in a drug store. It bore the name of a French manufacturer. The composition was talc 7 per cent, zinc oxide 3 per cent, bismuth subnitrate 1 per cent, corn starch 90 per cent.

No. 10.—This was another package of the same brand as sample No. 9, put up in a different shape and style. It showed essentially the same composition as No. 9. No. 11.—Price, 25 cents for a package containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased in a drug store. It bore the name of a French manufacturer. The composition was talc 37 per cent, corn starch 73 per cent.

No. 12.—This was another package of the same brand as sample No. 11, put up in a package of a different shape and style. It showed the following composition: Talc 28 per cent, corn starch 72 per cent.

No. 13.—Price, 35 cents for a package containing 4 ounces. This sample was purchased in a drug store. It bore the name of a French manufacturer. It has been extensively advertised under the name of "Rice Powder." The composition was talc 67 per cent, zinc oxide 33 per cent. No reply was received from the manufacturers in whom a letter was written concerning the deception. Subsequent analysis of the sample showed essentially the same composition.

The wholesale price of the foregoing materials are approximately as follows:

Box, 100 lbs. 1.00
Corn starch 1.00
Zinc oxide 1.00
Talc 1.00
Bismuth subnitrate 1.00

It will be seen that there is no great difference in the cost of any of the ingredients used, and that, inasmuch as the style of the package is in every case of an inexpensive character, there is no warrant for charging at the rate of from 10 cents to \$1 a pound for the mixing and performing, which are the only



The Powder Puff or Dab of Cotton Stir Up a Fine Dust Which Irritates the Mucous Membranes of the Eye, Eyelids and Nose.

Other Items of Expense

It is also clearly apparent that there is no justification for the high price of other ingredients for the face powder when the label gives no clue to their presence.

But why does not the Government or the State take cognizance of this condition of affairs? One of the many laws which prohibit a falsification except in foods and drugs? Rice powder sold for cosmetic purposes is not a food and unless some specific caution of regional properties are made upon the label it is not legally a drug; therefore it does not fall within scope of the enforcement of action the "Food and Drug Act" and the matter of fact, neither do most of the other items of expense.

The most simple and cosmetic preparation, which is the reason for its long-continued being practiced, is the use of talc, which in any amount is the most pure.

When other ingredients are used in what is called powder, it is not used in these days, more often being in the form of powder, as to be made in a cosmetic manner, it would seem from the consumer's standpoint to be economy to purchase some other in a grocery store, where, being sold under the provisions of the food law, it is certain to be pure, and to use it in the unpermeated and unadulterated condition. It would command itself also as being to reduce the high cost of doing

Prof. Shepherd's Experiments With Two Intelligent Apes



"This intelligent chimpanzee wrote upon a typewriter with great solemnity and apparent self-satisfaction."

Their Clever Tricks and Man-Like Actions Lead Him to Conclude That They Have a Low Form of Reasoning, Crude Powers of Ideation, Sympathy and Even a Sense of Humor

IT IS ALWAYS interesting to know just how much the chimpanzee, who resembles us in structure in appearance, approaches us in mental makeup.

Some men may still be heard to express an opinion that the ape and ape are not intelligent at all. A superficial view generally based on the fact that they are less dexterous than dogs and horses, but scientific observation tends to place the man-like ape continually nearer to man in the mental scale.

Professor W. T. Shepherd, of Waynesburg College, has been making a detailed examination of the two well-known chimpanzees, Peter and Consul, who have delighted large audiences by their exceedingly human behavior on the stage. The professor studied the conduct of the two distinguished actors upon the stage and also held an examination of them in private, questioning their keepers and testing the abilities of the actors by personal intercourse.

Professor Shepherd's observations are exceedingly interesting and give the two chimpanzees a very high place in the intellectual scale. The conclusions he draws may be summarized as follows:

1. The very clever and man-like actions of the apes are partly accounted for by their superior motor-equipment, so nearly like that of man, which enables them to move with speed and accuracy, to turn quickly, to seize objects with their hands, and to adapt their bodies and limbs in many different attitudes in a way not possible to other animals.

2. The training which shows animals receptive capacities for many of their tricks, but the apes exhibit an ability to do things which could not be learned by other animals, however teachable.

3. The swift erect carriage of the apes is of great importance and enables them to perform acts which would be impossible to other animals.

4. There are indications of intelligent imitation in the mental makeup of the chimpanzees, a decidedly human characteristic.

5. There are indications of a low form of reasoning or of crude ideas in the apes. 6. There are indications of more human-like emotions in three apes than monkeys, such as the Blanes' manifest, etc. 7. The apes show a certain capacity for intelligent action in that of any of the lower order of animals.

8. With all the above said, the apes are superior in intelligence to all sub-human and to are nearer to man than any of the other lower animals.

Professor Shepherd describes his experiments in the Journal of Animal Behavior. First he examined the chimpanzee Peter, who dressed like a man, and then he examined Consul, who dressed like a woman. He gave them a napkin and ate food with a knife and fork. After eating, he struck a match, lighted a cigarette and smoked. He gave his keeper, McArthur, a light for the latter's cigarette from his own.

Upon command from the keeper, the ape danced on the stage fairly well, much like a man, a sort of jance.

When roller-skates were put on his feet he skated around the stage skillfully. He appeared to skate as well as a child who has been skated around the stage while riding the wheel. The animal got upon a bicycle himself and rode it around the stage. He chased the girl around the stage while riding the wheel. While riding he drank water from a cup held behind him. The skiffy roller between a number of bottles and cut a sort of figure 8 while riding on the bottles. The ape picked up a bottle and drank out of it while riding.

clined plane on the stage. The professor noticed that he always increased his speed just before coming to the inclined plane.

After performing these feats Peter undressed and went to bed, very much like a man does.

Upon command from the keeper, Peter took up a hammer and a nail and drove the nail into the wall quickly and without any visible awkwardness.

As a test of imitation, the professor took out his watch and pressed on the stem once, and queried the watch three times, while Peter watched his actions with attention and apparently with interest. Then the professor reached it to him the held it

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As a test of imitation, the professor took out his watch and pressed on the stem once, and queried the watch three times, while Peter watched his actions with attention and apparently with interest. Then the professor reached it to him the held it

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"Consul threaded a needle, showing a remarkably human ability to use the hands."

out what he wrote. He took down the receiver of a telephone and listened, or appeared to listen. The ape used a typewriter, that is, he pressed on the keys, so far as the investigator could judge.

Consul threaded a needle, cut paper into strips with scissors. He took a key and locked and unlocked a padlock, and did other acts requiring similar intelligence.

These acts by Consul, like similar acts by Peter, are perhaps accounted for principally by the animals' motor equipment, erect carriage and training.

"Some of them, such as riding up the inclined plane and increasing his speed to go up, again raise the question of ideation or a lower form of reasoning in the animals' mental makeup," observes the scientist.

The professor did not note in Consul the good nature and sympathy shown by Peter. The former ape showed the brute in him by a certain roughness of manner and by not obeying his keeper very readily. Peter, on the other hand, showed evi-

dences of affection for his keeper by such acts as putting his arm around the latter in a very humanlike manner and kissing him. When the professor questioned Peter, keeper as to the sympathy and good humor shown by ape, the keeper, in the ape's sight, pretended to have hurt his hand, whereupon Peter went to him, put his arm around McArthur and by his acts gave very evident signs of sympathy. Peter acted in a similar manner when the professor also pretended to have hurt his hand.

It was Peter who gave the strongest evidence for the argument that the chimpanzee possesses a sense of humor. After the chimpanzee had written something on a slate he tried to hide it as if taking a malicious pleasure in puzzling the investigators. There was also at times an expression on his face very much like a human laugh, but it would be rash to assume that it was from the same source without further investigation.

What the Chinese Can Teach Us About Marriage

THAT young men and women of the civilized countries are physically ready for marriage many years before they are financially ready to undertake its responsibilities, is now given as the cause for the increase of the social evil with its train of illegitimacy, disease and childlessness.

Students of social betterment have found that the confirmed barbers and prostitutes who are apparently shirking their duty in the matter of the breed and child-birth, do so not because of disinclination or preference, but rather because of lack of sufficient incomes to warrant an early, natural and happy marriage.

Sociologists, college professors and leaders of young people's organizations have for many years deplored the decrease in early marriages. They have urged young men to marry and young women to marry, for the breed and child-birth, do so not because of disinclination or preference, but rather because of lack of sufficient incomes to warrant an early, natural and happy marriage.

Consul, the other ape observed, did most of the feats which Peter had done, such as picking up a napkin and eating at a table, getting upon a bicycle and riding around the stage, riding between nine bottles, riding up an inclined plane. Consul did these acts in a similar manner.

The latter ape also performed some other feats. He poured out his coffee, picked his teeth, cleaned his teeth with a brush, cleaned his tooth brush. He rode a wheel with a lamp on his head, bed by himself while riding; he bored with an auger, put the rounds in and fitted together a ladder, with some help. He took a table and pencil and wrote, or the keeper said not make

ed, in turn, a younger generation is married, apprenticed, and ready to take the reins of support.

Among the Caucasian races a girl is physically ready for marriage between the years of seventeen and twenty, and a young man from thirteen to twenty-two. Instead, however, of the majority of marriages happening at these ages we find them along in the very late twenties and early thirties, owing to the fact that young men cannot establish themselves in sufficiently remunerative work until they are nearly thirty.

The solution of the problem involved in the increasing childlessness per capita, in the disappointed lives, in much of the protection of his own roof his son's new bride until at twenty or twenty-one takes on the responsibilities of fatherhood.

This would mean that father must shoulder the responsibility of supporting his son for a certain earning capacity in his own or some other trade before the son passes the age of twenty; that the father must see to it that the son earns a marriageable salary at twenty or supplement it from his own; or if these steps are not possible he must take under the protection of his own roof his son's new bride until at twenty or twenty-one takes on the responsibilities of fatherhood.

Nothing such a scheme of things a college-trained man would have to graduate from his studies at about nineteen years of age and enter immediately on his life work. In a year or two he would be in a position to marry with some degree of safety for his bride. He would obtain some financial assistance from his father, but he would then make things as in the old days, when many girls were married at sixteen and when parents were not so such a great hurry to shunt their young offspring out to shift for themselves.

Bringing the "40s" Up-to-Date

The New Silhouette
That Is Like the
Silhouette of
Seventy
Years Ago

Another "1840 Up-to-Date" of Black Velvet, with
a Military Touch About It.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

("LUCILE")

THAT question "What will the coming silhouette be?" is now definitely answered, and when one stops to consider how delightfully quaint and charming it is one cannot help but wonder why it took our readers so long to adopt it.

One has only to call forth one's imaginative powers and hark back to our grandmothers' girlhood, with their hoops and crinolines, softly parted hair and little ringlets peeping from beneath demure bonnets tied under the chin, and if you stretch it a little further picture our little 1840 dame crossing a wet street with skirts daintily lifted, disclosing to view lacy petticoats and perhaps the frill of a little pantolette tied at the ankle.

We have not quite reached the pantolette stage, however, except possibly before the footlights, but I predict that our less courageous sisters will soon adopt this dainty accessory to complete the picture that brings back to life the women who lived and loved seventy and more years ago.

Of course, for morning or afternoon street wear we will have to modify this picture and introduce the practical side. The outline, however, need not be altered. Instead of hoops and crinolines necessary for the soft and ethereal fabrics, we will use gro-grains, tulle, velvets, etc., so that they can stand out as the fashion demands. Gone are the days of the softly clinging fabrics; we will have no more of them, except perhaps as

a foundation over which to build a billowy cloud of tulle and lace. But to go back to the practical side of this very interesting revival of the modes of grandmother's day.

The little afternoon dress on the right hand side of this page is a combination of both. It is fashioned of hunter's green velvet and black tulle over a foundation of flesh colored satin, and trimmed with bands of astrachan. Note the quaint sloping shoulder effects—something quite new and becoming to all. The up-standing lace collar, however, is very trying, and should only be attempted by the very youthful.

The sleeves also has the tulle undersleeve, with the little puff showing below the elbow. The skirt is topped with tulle, the velvet being joined on to it by black silk braid. Note the apron back and front tied around the waist with the conventional apron strings.

To complete this costume the little lady wears a cosack's cap trimmed with a band of astrachan and tassels and the new astrachan muff. The hat and shoes are of the same shade of gray.

The costume in the upper left hand corner is of black velvet. It looks like a coat and skirt, but it is really a one-piece frock, which needs no description except to say that it is edged with silk braid. The military hoops and buttons, black leather belt and tall hat give the required touches.

A Side View
of the
Dress at the
Right.

Quaint New Afternoon
Dress of
Hunter's Green Velvet
and Black Tulle.
It Is Typical of the New
Silhouette,
and the Hat Is One of
the Newest.
("Lucille" Model.)



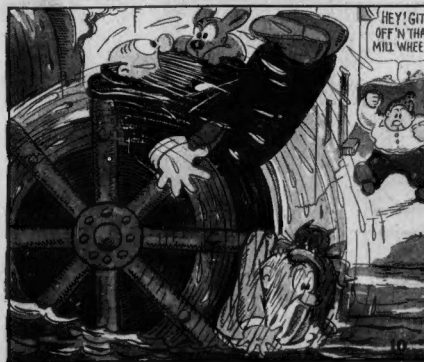
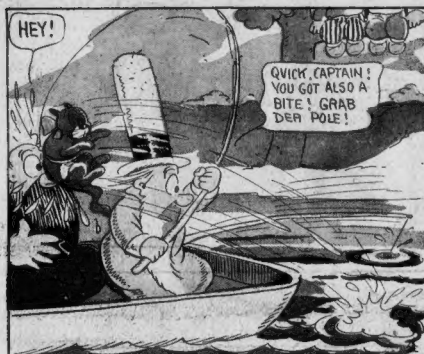
COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN

November 7, 1915.

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The Original Katzenjammer Kids

Illustrated by E. A. Feltner



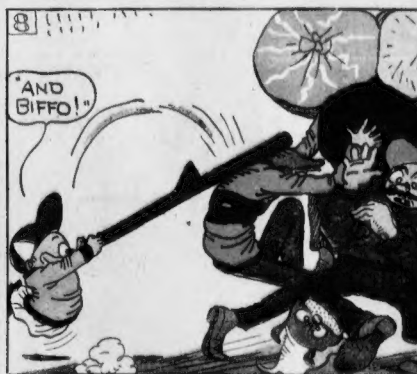


THEIR ONLY CHILD!

Moral: Think Twice Before You Give Yourself Away

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It Stucketh Like a Brother

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